

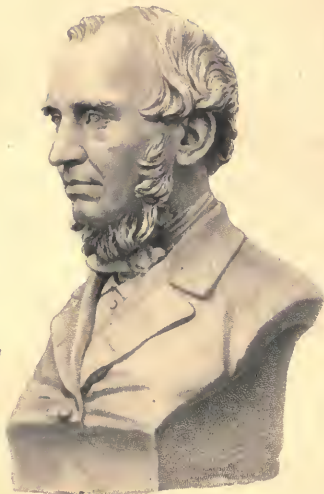
MEMOIR
OF THE
REV. M. C. TAYLOR.



little
wood



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Yours very truly
Wm. Lloyd Garrison

Engraved by S. H. Parker.

From the Bust by John Adams Acton.

MEMOIR

OF THE

REV. MICHAEL C. TAYLOR,

"

WITH

EXTRACTS FROM HIS CORRESPONDENCE.

BY

BENJAMIN HELLIER.

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P R E F A C E .



WHEN I was asked to prepare a Memoir of Mr. Taylor, I at once consented, for I felt that a life marked by so uncommon excellence ought not to pass away without some record.

In the first instance, I prepared a Biographical Sketch which was intended for publication in the "Wesleyan-Methodist Magazine," but in deference to the judgment of some friends by whom this was read, I determined to enlarge it, so that it might form a separate volume. I was fully aware, however, that to accomplish this would not be an easy task. I knew that the life to be recorded had not been marked by striking incidents; and owing to the fact that my friend was hardly ever the subject of his own narratives, my intimate acquaintance with him had failed to give me full information respecting the details of his own history.

Shortly after his death, his widow removed to South Africa, and, in consequence of this, it was difficult to obtain access to his papers; and it will be seen that the materials placed at my disposal consisted almost entirely of letters. But even on

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account of these letters alone a separate volume seemed desirable. In them the writer is to a considerable extent, and quite undesignedly, self-portrayed; whilst they possess much intrinsic merit, and some of them especially will prove useful to those who are engaged in the religious training of youth.

Those who knew Mr. Taylor intimately will probably feel that the following pages do not give an adequate picture of their departed friend. I would remind such readers how difficult it is for any words of a biographer to do full justice to such a life. There are some men whose characters appear to us perfectly lovely not because they are frequently performing noble and generous deeds, for which indeed circumstances may furnish no occasion, but because the multitude of actions which make up their life are all marked by the same character of goodness, and there is *absolutely nothing* of a contrary kind to be placed on the other side of the account. Such was the case with Mr. Taylor; and how weak the impression made by the words of another, when compared with the effect produced by his daily conduct on those who were the constant witnesses of it!

Other readers who were strangers to the subject of this Memoir may suppose that the portraiture here given is overdrawn; and that all virtues have been exaggerated, and all faults carefully kept out



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of sight. I can only say, in reply to such possible objection, that I am wholly unconscious of having done either the one or the other. It will, perhaps, be said, Were there no faults? My honest answer is that I did not detect any. I could indeed have made my friend a witness against himself, but I have not thought it right to do so. What a person says to his own disparagement in private records, designed solely for his own use, and in confidential letters, is often true when regarded as an expression of *his own feelings*; but it becomes false when accepted by another, and used against him. It is true as exhibiting his sense of the wide distance between his ideal standard of perfection and his own actual attainments; but utterly misleading if regarded as a statement of what he was as judged by the standard of attainment ordinarily reached by other men. The fault, for instance, of which Mr. Taylor most frequently accuses himself, is *indolence*; and these self-reproaches were written at the very time when his best friends were convinced, and as the issue too plainly proved, that he was constantly working beyond his strength.

In order that the reader may not have to rely on my own testimony only, I have introduced estimates of Mr. Taylor's character given by several friends who knew him well; and it will be seen that their concurrent evidence speaks of his life as *blameless*.

The design of this little work is not to extol human virtue, but to contribute to the glory of God's grace; and to serve as an encouragement to others to follow this departed servant of God as he followed Christ.

I take this opportunity of tendering my sincere thanks to all whose communications have aided me in the preparation of this work, and especially to Mrs. Taylor, of Cradock, South Africa; the Rev. John Dury Geden, of Didsbury; and Mr. Mansford, of Westminster.

Headingley, June 14th, 1870.

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MEMOIR
OF THE
REV. M. C. TAYLOR.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY LIFE.

Many disordered lines I saw
And foul records which thaw
My kind eyes still, but in
A fair white page of thine
And ev'n smooth lines like the sun's rays
Thy name was writ, and all thy days.

H. VAUGHAN.

MICHAEL COULSON TAYLOR was born at York, June 3d, 1820. His father, Mr. Isaac Taylor, of that city, still survives him. His mother, whose maiden name was Coulson, died in May, 1863, and his only sister, Mrs. Coulson, of Hazlewood, Yorkshire, died in the December following. Mr. John Francis Taylor, now residing in York, was his only brother.

The future moral character of a man's life is

generally determined by the circumstances amidst which its first ten or twelve years are passed; for, as a rule, what children are morally during this period, that they remain throughout life. In Mr. Taylor's case, the circumstances of his early life were peculiarly favourable to the formation of a religious character. His parents, who were Wesleyan Methodists, taught him what was right, and trained him in the practice of it. By a discipline at once firm and loving he was habituated to prompt and unquestioning obedience. He was taught to keep holy the Sabbath-day, to attend diligently on religious services, and to reverence the ministers of religion and all godly people.

The happy effect of such training was that he was preserved from all open profaneness and vice, and passed, with scarcely a perceptible interval, from the irresponsible condition of childhood into a state of conscious acceptance with God. For his parents he cherished throughout life a dutiful and loving affection; and it is not surprising that the religion of the Methodists having been commended to him from infancy by the practical exhibition of it which he witnessed in his own home, he never felt any disposition to forsake the communion of his parents for any other.

All his early years were spent at York until he was eleven, when he was sent to the school of Mr. Heigham, at Doncaster. Soon after coming

to this school, through the earnest exhortations of Mr. Heigham, he was led to seek the forgiveness of sins, and ere long obtained a clear and joyous assurance of acceptance with God.

From a brief record of his conversion which he wrote on "Good Friday, 1832," it appears that he obtained peace with God on the 10th of August, 1831. He at once made open profession of his faith in Christ, and joined a Methodist class-meeting. Thenceforward he never ceased to hold a place in the membership of the Church, and never, I believe, lost his assurance of the Divine favour.

Respecting this period his father says: "Whilst still very young he was very studious, and passionately fond of his books. He read during play and leisure hours until he injured his sight. At the vacations, and after he had left school, he attached himself to my class, and gave such clear statements of his conversion and growth in grace, that all were constrained to glorify God in him."

His youthful piety manifested itself practically by leading him to increased carefulness in attending to all the duties and discipline of the school. He was much attached to his teachers, and felt that to Mr. Heigham he was greatly indebted for leading him, when so young, to full religious decision. The late Professor Boole, then one of the masters, was also a great favourite, and with him he afterwards for a long time maintained an affectionate correspondence.

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For a few months at this time he kept a diary, one sentence of which may be quoted as evidence of the thoughtfulness which even now marked his character, and was so remarkable in later life. Under date of February 22d, 1832, he says: "O! what a difference between His yoke and that of Satan. Truly His yoke is easy and His burden is light! In the service of Satan there is no real pleasure. What little pleasure there is always leaves a sting behind, but the pleasure of religion no person can describe." It is easy to see how his own experience led him to take great interest in the conversion of young people. He believed that the piety of a child might be as real as that of an adult. The following extract from one of his papers of later years gives his views on this subject: "But in Christian lands God wills us to be saved in childhood. He gives children a peculiar nature; and the peculiarities of pliancy, docility, and submissiveness, eminently fit them to receive His saving, inward religion. These peculiarities make them the only class of beings on earth to whom Christ likens His own saints. 'Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.' Adults are still to be saved in Christian lands, but these are rather to be gathered out of the world. The children of His people should be saved in childhood. But who will read and weigh this purpose of God?"

- "When about fourteen and a-half years of age,"



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says his father, "he was articled to Mr. Slater, a Solicitor in York. This gentleman died after Coulson had been with him between three and four years, and Coulson served his time out with his Agent in London.* After passing his examination as a Solicitor, he made an engagement with another house for a year, and after this with a gentleman in Leeds. From the latter he received an offer of partnership in his business, but declined it, owing to his deep conviction that he ought to give up the profession of the law. He had not been long in Leeds before he became a Local Preacher, and was then urged to offer himself as a candidate for the ministry. The conviction of a call to the ministry had long been struggling in his mind, but he had not made it known. He came and consulted with me, and at first I told him he might be useful as a Local Preacher, and still follow his profession; but he said, 'I must give one of them up.' I said, 'If that be the case, by all means give up the law, if you believe it is the will of God.'"

Acting in accordance with his father's counsel and his own convictions, he offered himself in the year 1843 as a candidate for the Wesleyan Ministry, and having satisfactorily passed the usual examinations, entered the Wesleyan Theological Institution, Richmond, as a student, in September, 1843.

* In a brief diary which he kept at this time, there is the following entry: "June 25th, 1839. Articles expired. Entered this day into the employ of a Mr. Wrentmore, 19, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields."

The foregoing brief statement records the leading events in Mr. Taylor's history up to the age of twenty-three. During this period there were, as far as I can learn, very few striking incidents diversifying the course of his outward life; but the development of his mental powers and whole character had made such progress that those who knew him intimately at the end of this time, could not but regard him as far advanced beyond most men of his own age in the ripeness of his judgment, and the maturity of his powers.

Of the period when he was articled to Mr. Slater, and still residing at home, his father says: "He soon gained Mr. Slater's confidence by his attention and exactness in business. He studied hard both law and divinity, and gave himself also to meditation and prayer. His whole conduct was very exemplary. He met in my class, and his growth in grace was very marked. The fruit of the Spirit blossomed, ripened, and matured: genuine humility, 'love, joy, peace, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.'"

During the time spent in London, in 1838—39, he resided in Bread-street, in the house of Mr. Sigsworth, a native of York, who also met in band with him, and who says that his conduct was most exemplary, and his experience of the sanctifying grace of God clear and full. He constantly attended the City-Road Chapel, and his brief diary contains

references to several occasions of great spiritual profit, especially when attending the ministry of Mr. Grindrod and Mr. (now Dr.) Jobson. He occasionally heard Mr. Binney, for whose preaching he often in after years expressed great admiration.

Among others who remember his London life may be mentioned Mr. James Duncan, of Red Hill, who had opportunities for observing him closely, and often admired "the perfect control of his temper, his diligence in attending religious services, and the purity of his whole life." The concurrent evidence of several witnesses testifies to the one great fact,—that he was "blameless and harmless," a child of God "without rebuke."

The following extracts from his diary show his own thoughts respecting his religious progress:—

"January 14th, 1839.—I think I have erred in former notings [in the diary] in making too much account of my feelings, my emotions. Religion being man's natural state, that to which he is formed and fitted, affects the whole man, and therefore his active principles, his desires, his will, his whole heart; and as actions not only evidence their own existence, but are also the best test of the state of the feelings, I think they ought to be regarded as well as, nay, rather than, mere emotions. As to the chief active principle, then, that of faith, I possess it; but O! how it needs strengthening, increasing. Spirit of

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 faith, inspire me with confidence in the promises of my Father. Would to God Michael Coulson Taylor was what the Lord wishes him to be!

*“January 21st, 1839.—*Yesterday was a Sabbath to my soul. In distributing the Testaments and Tracts I was enabled to exhort the unawakened sinner to flee from the wrath to come. To-day business has engrossed my mind, and, more than was necessary, my soul also. I want so to live in, to breathe the love of my Saviour as I do the air. Wherever I go I have the air with me; it fills up, occupies every interstice. O God, impart Thy fulness to me; yes, me, unworthy me, for the sake of Thy Son!

*“January 26th.—*Most excellent and heart-searching address from Mr. Grindrod last night at the Centenary Prayer-meeting; just touched on the point most wanting in myself,—a sin-reproving, a sinner-inviting people. Christ have mercy on me!

*“February 5th.—*Rose at five. Saw the Queen go in state to open Parliament. May I reign with Thee for ever!”

Little can be said of the influence which the places in which he lived had upon him. The strong preponderance of the logical faculty over the imagination made him comparatively indifferent to the external circumstances which affect so powerfully men of strong imaginative power. I am not sure whether the peculiar features of his

native city had materially affected his character. I never heard him speak with any enthusiasm of the Minster, or of the remains of venerable antiquity in which the city is so rich. He took a kind interest in showing these to his friends who were strangers to the place; but his attentions on such occasions probably were mixed with a touch of compassion for those who cared so much for the dead past. In London he gave little heed to its famous sights, except the greatest sight of all—the masses of its busy population. To ride from Westminster to the Bank on the top of an omnibus, or in a Hansom cab, was always a great treat to him. The varying, hurrying, swaying throng of people never failed to interest him deeply. The other attractions of the great city were the Law Courts, the Houses of Parliament, gatherings to promote religious and philanthropic objects at Exeter Hall and elsewhere, Committees at Westminster and Centenary Hall. Whatever affected the interests of any single human creature, or of society at large, won his ready sympathy.

Before taking leave of Mr. Taylor in his character of lawyer, it is right to say that he did not give up the profession of the law through any fear that he could not succeed in it. On the contrary, his prospects were most flattering; and Mr. Robinson, with whom he was associated in Leeds, and who was anxious to retain him as a partner,

could not refrain from expressing both his pity and his wonder at the exchange of callings which he was about to make, an exchange so disadvantageous in respect to the acquisition of worldly wealth.

That he himself never regretted the course he now took may be affirmed with certainty, and will readily be believed by all his friends. His feelings in reference to the law were of a divided kind. As to its practical working he had conscientious scruples which often troubled him. He had no doubt that it was possible for him as a lawyer to pursue a perfectly honourable course, but he said that the temptations which beset his path were constant and subtle; and on this account, when he left the profession, he was glad of his release. For the law, as a science, he had an unbounded admiration. He had been an eager student, and felt himself competent to pass his examination before he was of sufficient age to do so. One incident connected with his examination shows that he was not lacking in ambition. He had finished his papers before any one else in the room, and was writing a fair copy of them, when he saw another candidate give up his papers the moment they were completed. Mr. Taylor, not to appear behind in the race, then gave in his own papers as he had first written them. The rest of the day was spent at Greenwich with some friends, but he used to speak of it as one of the most wretched days of his life; for he was

tormented with the thought that he had risked his chance of passing through indulging in a little piece of vanity. Happily his fears were groundless, and he had soon the pleasure of learning that his examination had been successfully passed.

The interest which he continued to take in the law was often manifest in subsequent years. One of the few recreations in which he ever indulged himself was to go with an uninitiated friend to the Law Courts at Westminster, or at Lincoln's Inn. Here he would name the Judges, and the most distinguished members of the Bar, give a brief summary of the previous career of each, criticise the speeches which he heard, and seemed for the time to be only the lawyer transferred, with all his interests and sympathies unabated, to the sphere of his former profession.\*

One of his friends used to say of him, "There were two scenes where you might see Taylor's eye glisten with enthusiasm,—one the Courts at Westminster Hall; the other, a Methodist penitent Prayer-Meeting."

Of the incidents of his life in Leeds scarcely anything can be gleaned, excepting what has been already stated; but the letters which follow will show very fully how vigorously his mind worked, and how rapid was the development which his whole

\* He greatly admired distinguished lawyers, because they attained their high positions, not through any adventitious advantages, but by talent, high character, and hard work.

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character was then experiencing. We see him here, as in London, the young, eager, hard-working lawyer; his hands full of worldly business; his heart full of heavenward aspirations, and intense desire for entire holiness of heart and life. Of him it might be truly said that he hungered and thirsted after righteousness.

His friend, the Rev. John Dury Geden, writes: "I remember to have heard him speak of the service which he derived during his Leeds life from the conversation and advice of the late Rev. John Bowers. On one occasion, Mr. Bowers strongly recommended him to study the writings of Barrow; and in after years he used to say, that few pieces of ministerial counsel had ever been of greater intellectual advantage to him."

The following letters were addressed to one of the friends of his early youth, Mr. John Lyth, a native of York, then living at Hull; now the Rev. J. Lyth, D.D. I make no apology for the length of the extracts, because they will be found to constitute a real history of this period so far as regards the inner life of the subject of this memoir.

In the first letter, dated "Leeds, February 7th, 1840," and in which he gives his address as, "Thomas Robinson, Esq., Solicitor, Leeds," he proposes to his friend to commence a correspondence; but says that his first communication must be brief, "owing to the very little leisure time that the multiplicity of other

engagements leaves me at this season, when I have just entered on a new situation." He then says:—"I have now for a twelvemonth held a most interesting correspondence with our mutual friend, Robert Locking,* and I shall be content if *our* correspondence bears the same character. Its features are an interchange of thought and feeling on the subjects of our attention,—philosophical and religious. . . . I cannot conclude without expressing my gratitude to the great Head of the Church that we are still His members, united to Him and to His people. What a mercy! How blessed are they who in Jesus abide! Let our union be closer."

"February 29th, 1840.

With you I feel myself becoming more ignorant every day. What, before long, I shall think of my stock of knowledge, once deemed pretty decent, I do not know. I am pleased to be conscious of the increase of this feeling, for I am sure it is a safe one." After referring to his Hebrew studies, which, he remarks, he has "not abandoned, but postponed," he says that he is at present

* An entry in his diary under date of October 3d, 1840, contains the following reference to the early death of this much-valued friend: "On Thursday, 24th September, died, Robert Locking, young in years, old in wisdom and grace. The impression naturally produced is powerful. This may serve to aid a lasting spiritual result. May I not hinder by levity, by lukewarmness, by carelessness. If I do not now gird up my loins mentally and spiritually, when else, how else? He inherits his reward, I follow after. O to be meet for an abundant entrance! I pray that I may perceive and fulfil all the design this bereavement indicates for me."

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reading "Pearson's Exposition of the Creed," and "Dr. Brown's Lectures on the Philosophy of the Mind." He then adds:—"I am anxious that the characteristic of our correspondence should be spiritual. It is only such a feature that will associate it with topics supreme in interest and in value. But I need not stay to dilate on inducements to such a task. I haste to commence it.

I never esteemed my religion so highly as I do at this present. Providential circumstances have recently led me to examine whether I was in the faith,—to see rather what I had been building on the great foundation; whether wood, hay, stubble, or that which is more in character with the permanence of the foundation itself. In less figurative language, I have been called upon to inquire whether I had not allowed the incidents of religion to supersede the substance; whether the communion of saints had not taken the place of communion with God. To remove from the bosom of the society of the pious into a land of strangers and exile, seems well to try of what stuff one is made. Blessed be God! my hope, my trust, my faith, my joy, my salvation are in Christ. I pray for grace to delight myself in the Lord; then I shall have the desires of my heart; I shall meet with friends like those I have left behind, and I shall be led into some way of exercising my wishes for the salvation of others.

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Sunday, P.M., March 1st.—To-day I have been privileged with hearing two spirit-stirring sermons from F. A. West, and also with attending the commemoration of Christ's Passion in the ordinance of the Sacrament. They have, indeed, been means of grace. My want, my prayer, is to be a Christian, to have Christ within as my portion, my all."

"Leeds, May 1st, 1840.

The crown of life held out to us as the reward, through grace, of well-doing, is indeed a transporting object. Were faith as natural to us as sense, and as easy of exercise, could we always realise so dazzling a prospect, that is, make a reality of it,—our hope, our vigour, our courage, our deadness to the world, our faith, (by something more than the mere benefit of exercise,) our love would be mightily altered in their character. What is there to hinder? Nothing but our slowness of heart to believe. Let us 'have faith in God.' It is He who hath promised us our Canaan. Let us have faith enough, that our 'conversation' may be one grand confession that we are strangers and pilgrims on the earth; for they that do 'such things declare plainly that they *seek* a country,' they '*desire a better country, that is, a heavenly.*'

Thank God we have peace through our Lord Jesus Christ. We have each experienced the forbearance and the mercy of Infinite Love. When

I think of what I have received at the hands of the Lord, and then of my treatment of His salvation, I am amazed at the utter want of anything corresponding in praise for such Divine blessings. How strange to myself that I should not love Him supremely, altogether:—

‘The dearest idol I have known,
Whate’er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from *Thy throne*,
And worship *only Thee*.’

Let us resolve to be rebellious no longer, but allow Him to reign whose is the right. Let us be honest, and pay all we owe, if it even be our hearts, to Him who claims His own. This is my desire, my object, my prayer. Holy Spirit, purchased Comforter, vouchsafe to help!

God will doubtless direct your steps in so important a matter as the preaching of His Word. You inquire whether I am about to preach. I don’t know that I am. I may. It is one of the things possible,—nor so *very* improbable. May I say that if we pray for heavenly directions, we thereby render it, more than before, a duty to watch and follow the leadings of Heaven.

Todd’s manual I have read. Tomlin’s I have not. I have just finished the perusal of Dr. Brown’s ‘Lectures on the Philosophy of the Human Mind.’”

“June 30th, 1840.

I am glad to find that you are the subject of

discontent with your present religious attainments, and are restless (happy restlessness!) to be perfect even as our Father in heaven is perfect. I am more glad to read you are sensible of a truth which all will acknowledge, but of which few are *sensible*, that inactive desires will never obtain for us the things we need and wish, that *means* are requisite, and that these are not *the* means. May my anxiety, however, for your spiritual welfare as a fellow-heir of the kingdom, be excused surmising from your phrase of the '*diligent use* of the appointed means,' that you are perhaps in danger of practically recognising the insinuation of our pride that for a salvation so glorious some human preparation is needed? Grace is obtained by diligence indeed; but by the diligence of faith, not of works. This is the only diligence that will serve us here. Diligence of works and diligence of faith differ not only in their subject-matter, but in their own nature,—in the very kind of diligence itself. The diligence of works gives us the notion of *perseverance*, of *continued* effort. The diligence of faith has nothing so tedious about it; it simply means the *earnestness*, the *instant intentness* of faith. This is a distinction *with* a difference. Let us seize on it, realise it for ourselves. Present faith deals in present blessings. This is the keystone, or rather the root, (giving at once both foundation and nutriment,) of the piety of the saints.

I feel that I could write on to the end of the sheet; but am restrained by the question, Why sermonise to a preacher?

I am reading Edwards's 'History of Redemption,' and vol. i. of 'Natural Philosophy,' by the Useful Knowledge Society."

"Leeds, March 4th, 1841.

. . . . I cannot say I like, in scriptural exposition, to hear,—'By this we *may* understand.' I always like to know the *one* thing we *ought* to understand. Generally there is but one meaning, and with that we should be content. . . . Selection of texts is matter, in a great degree, of taste. I cannot say I should have chosen such a text. One of more directly evangelical import would have suited my feelings better. I sometimes think if I began to preach, my first text would be, 'We preach Christ crucified.' Divine message!"

The following letter recurs to a criticism on the outline of a sermon on Psalm l. 6, which Mr. Lyth had sent him.

"Leeds, May 5th, 1841.

. . . . First, as to your using two significations of the term 'heavens;' I still think it would be preferable to exhibit exclusively 'the greater light,' than, for the sake of variety of light, to

introduce another smaller light. The sole display of a great light, is more *completely* and *illustriously* made than the display of two: a great and a small one. To continue your own illustration, I do not see how, with reference to the context, the term lends any light at all to your minor signification.

As to the second point, the including the *law* and the *judgment* in the exposition of the term 'righteousness,' you must allow me here, also, still to think that *the* meaning is the righteousness of the judgment. A just law is necessary to a just judgment; but in the idea of a righteous *judge*, (and that appears to be the sentiment of the Psalmist,) the propriety of the law is a remote, if not a subordinate, consideration.

Understand me,—my feeling is not dogmatic, though my style may be. You *may* have hit the truth; but I do not *think so*."

The next letter refers to widely different topics, the general election of 1841, and providential guidance in reference to a call to the Christian Ministry.

"*July 6th, 1841.*

The addition of election business to my usual engagements has prevented my observing the appointed day of writing.

. . . As to your devoting yourself entirely to the work of the ministry, I should say, (if,

indeed, *I* am competent to form an opinion,) you may, after commending yourself to the hands of God, safely allow yourself to be guided by the course of events. The new path will present itself, if you are on the look-out for it, at the proper stage of the journey. I will not say that the workings of our own bosom are sufficient alone to indicate,—This is the way. But they will certainly oblige us to direct our attention to other circumstances, to things and sayings *without*, that we may ascertain if the finger of Providence correspond with our own aspirations. A call implies a *voice* as much as a listener.”

From the next letter, dated Sept. 1st, 1841, it is evident that he was already revolving the question whether his future course in life would be that of a solicitor or of a Christian minister. “By your presuming I shall commence practice, I perceive you do not think of my attempting to preach, as you have sometimes talked about. Did you ever seriously think I ought to preach?” In the same letter there is an affectionate reference to his former schoolmaster, Mr. Heigham, respecting whom he says, “We each owe him what we can never repay.”

In a letter dated Nov. 4th, 1841, he refers to the question of his preaching:—


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“I am obliged to you for your remarks on the call to the holy office of the Christian Ministry. I cannot but agree with you, that he in whom such indications of the Divine will meet is called of God to preach the Gospel.

Whether I am such a one or not, is another, and to me, a more important question. Another month may decide it. Pray for me that I may have singleness of eye, and be content to abide in the calling, whatever that may be, secular or spiritual, wherewith *I am* called with God.”

The question as to whether he should preach or not was, as he anticipated, soon decided.

“*Leeds, January 11th, 1842.*”

. . . I think you were very acute in guessing, from what I said, that I was thinking of preaching. You, however, were right. I had tried at the work-house before you wrote. In short, I preached my first sermon last Tuesday night, before Mr. Galland, Mr. Kelk, and several Local Preachers, and am, I believe, to be placed on the plan, on trial. Mr. Heigham prevailed on me first to make the attempt, and hitherto the first occasion has been the most comfortable one of any. I have tried four times, thrice from I. Cor. i. 23; and once from Acts v. 33. As for an outline, I will send you one when I have one good enough. I feel an increasing sense of my own need of the quickening, the renewing, the

burning influences of the Holy Spirit. I cannot but feel that if I am to be in any way a successful minister of the unsearchable riches of Christ, I must attain to a far different state of grace than that in which I am at present found :

‘ Jesus ! I fain would find  
Thy zeal for God in me,  
Thy yearning pity for mankind,  
Thy burning charity.

‘ In me Thy Spirit dwell !  
In me Thy bowels move !  
So shall the fervour of my zeal  
Be the pure flame of love.’ ”

This series of letters appears, after the date of the above, to have been interrupted ; as the next addressed to the same friend, is of the date June 24th, 1843 ; when his life in Leeds, as a solicitor, was about to close, and he was on the point of proceeding to London to pass his examination as a candidate for the ministry. In this letter, he says :—  
“The experience of a brother candidate at the District Meeting induced me not to rest until again I embraced the Divine promise of a salvation from inward pollution. ‘The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin.’ My Saviour is Divine, and His salvation is perfect. My dear brother, ‘ask, and receive, that your joy may be full.’ How weighty are our obligations to seek ! How precious and sure the promises to be apprehended ! ”

## CHAPTER II.



### STUDENT LIFE.

"Crafty men condemn studies; simple men admire them; and wise men use them: for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them and above them, won by observation."—BACON.

MR. TAYLOR, as already stated, became a Student in the Wesleyan Theological Institution, Richmond, in September, 1843. His tutors were the Revs. Thomas Jackson and John Farrar. Of these honoured men, happily still living, whom it has been my privilege to know, both as tutors and colleagues, it is difficult to speak as my own feelings would prompt me. It must suffice to say that Mr. Taylor, with many others, felt that he owed them, for their instruction and example, a debt of gratitude which it was as pleasant to acknowledge as it was impossible to discharge. In the September of the following year, it was my great happiness to make his acquaintance as a fellow-student; and from this time until June, 1846, I had the best possible opportunities for knowing him thoroughly. My study door was not two yards from his; I often spent a good part of the day in

his company; I saw him in all varieties of circumstances; and I think I could scarcely be mistaken as to his true character. He was distinguished by great originality of thought. Few men, especially at his age, think for themselves, though they generally give themselves credit for doing so. They acquaint themselves with the thoughts of others and then call them their own. But Mr. Taylor exercised an independent judgment on all subjects. He used to say that to think independently on a topic had this advantage, if no other,—it gave him *a shelf in his mind on which to place the thoughts of other men*. Although diligent in study, and maintaining a good position throughout the whole of his residence at the Institution, it was evident that he had no *passion* for classical or mathematical studies, his great delight being in mental science, and in the study of theology. Howe, Baxter, and Barrow, were his chief favourites, and the writings of Isaac Taylor also much interested him for their suggestiveness. The character of his mind was intensely practical, his favourite and constant study being human nature. When walking in the streets he noted, as far as possible, every countenance he saw, and formed some opinion of the character which it indicated. He said that he could not avoid doing so.

It resulted from the bent of his studies, combined with this constant habit of observation, that his insight into character was keen, one might almost

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say, intuitive. One of the great charms of college life with him was the opportunity it afforded for knowing a large number of men so intimately. The slightest incident which brought out prominently any feature in the character of a fellow student was seized at once as a valuable contribution to his knowledge of mankind.

It is easy to see that with such a tendency of mind, had he possessed an unkind nature, he would have been a very disagreeable member of our brotherhood. But all who knew him intimately, felt that there was not a particle of unkindness in him. To some of us it was a matter of wonder, not to say envy, that he could see all the weak points in a person's character, and make that person see them himself more clearly than before, and yet respect and love, and even admire him, on account of what he saw good in him. He was indeed more ready to point out and commend good qualities than to mark defects, and his criticisms were never meant to wound, but only to improve. Hence it was remarkable that though every one in turn became subject to his friendly banter, he lost no man's love. Other men had their two or three special friends, but Mr. Taylor was every man's friend. How many will remember the hours spent in "Taylor's study" as some of the very happiest of their lives. Almost every day after dinner, what we used to call "Taylor's levee" was held. A

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number of men gathered into his room. Most stood, for his sitting accommodation was limited, and he never thought it advisable to encourage visitors by increasing it. He sat surrounded by a group of talkers, and without assuming to guide the conversation, enjoyed it intensely. Whether what was said gave him information on other subjects or not, it always afforded matter for his favourite study, human nature. Such a gathering seldom occurred but one or other gave occasion for some smart repartee. There was something faulty in the logic, or something inaccurate in the statement of facts, or a little too much self-assertion on the part of the speaker. Then came a hit, a palpable hit, which everybody enjoyed, save perhaps the brother who received it; and even he felt that the blow was so well deserved and so kindly given, that it was to his own discredit if he loved the reprover less than before. If there was a wound it was soon healed. To those with whom he was thus intimately associated he had abundant opportunities for showing kindness, and these he gladly welcomed. He was our universal counsellor. Anyone who had anything in hand which he judged to be of special consequence, went as a matter of course to Taylor, to hear what *he* would say about it. In such cases we witnessed that remarkable practical wisdom which showed itself in after years. We always anticipated that, should he be spared, he would be

looked up to as one of the wisest counsellors of the denomination to which he belonged, an anticipation amply justified, so far as the too short period of his public life allowed the trial of it.

Another thing which impressed us during his Richmond career, was the perfect blamelessness of his daily life. With rare exceptions, we could rejoice in the godly conduct of all our fellow-students. Yet in the case of some, whilst all grave faults were absent, little faults were sometimes seen. Sometimes the temper was too warm, sometimes the genial flow of feeling degenerated into levity. But who ever saw these faults in Taylor? Who ever saw him exhibit unchristian anger? We knew him cheerful, pleasant—often sportive, never frivolous. He was not then, nor at any after-period of his life, much addicted to talk about his own religious feelings, but he lived and acted religion all the day long.

It was at Richmond that he began to practice those habits of pastoral diligence in which he afterwards excelled most men. It is here very pleasant to mention the name of one of his fellow-students whom he always regarded as his teacher in this branch of duty, the Rev. B. Chapman, now labouring in Australia.* Mr. Chapman took him to

* The following is, I believe, a complete list of the Wesleyan Ministers, now living, who were with Mr. Taylor at Richmond:—Adams, Thomas; Balls, Henry; Barley, David; Burgess, Abel; Chapman, Benjamin, (Australia); Close, John W.; Coley Samuel; Davis, George H. (Canada); Edmunds, Frederick F.; Edwards, William; Eland, Richard; Fletcher, Joseph H. (Australia); Geden, John D.; Giles, Mathew; Griffiths, David; Hardy,

see sick people whom he had himself previously visited. At first Mr. Taylor went very reluctantly, and after one or two visits tried to persuade his friend that his awkwardness proved his total unsuitability for work of this kind; but being duly encouraged, he soon proved himself an apt scholar, and became the teacher of others in this interesting service.

Whilst at Richmond, he also took great interest in efforts which were then made to establish Methodist congregations where none previously existed. He laboured especially at Sunbury, and Petersham, and at each place assisted in commencing religious services, which were maintained during his residence at Richmond, though afterwards discontinued. It was a source of great joy to him to hear of the formation of congregations, and the building of chapels in these villages, not long before his death. With his friend Chapman he was one of the first who preached at Acton, and the following letter is valuable in giving the history of the formation of what is now a flourishing Society.

“ Richmond, Jan. 15th, 1844.

DEAR PARENTS,

. . . My yesterday's appointment was at

Richard; Hart, Frederick; Hellier, Benjamin; Hill, Thomas H.; Keet, Henry; M'Kenny, John; Moody, John F.; Morris, Joseph; Needle, Henry; Nelson, William T.; Oram, Joseph, (Australia); Pickworth, Felix H.; Punshon, William, M.; Roberts, John (A); Robinson, Edward J.; Shaw, William (B); Smith, George (B); Sutton, Joseph; Taylor, George C.; Walton, John; Ward, Anthony; Willis, Charles; Wilson, John (B).

Acton, a place joining Mr. Farmer's, of which I think I told you. Chapman went with me for a help-mate; we distributed tracts, visited the people in the afternoon, went to Gunnersbury-House to tea, and then I preached at night. . . . Mr. Farmer and family went to Acton, which rather bothered me, as I took the new text father gave me. The place is a nice 'upper room.' A class is to be commenced next Sunday. About a dozen people promised to go next Sunday, for experiment at least: we stayed with them, and explained as we could the nature of Class-meetings. . . .

You would have been pleased with Mr. Farmer's prayer at the prayer-meeting. The people all stayed, from respect, I dare say, many of them, to Mr. F——.

P.S.—I ought not to have forgotten the Covenant Service at the Institution last Friday night. It was a most impressive and profitable season."

I believe that permanent good resulted from Mr. Taylor's labours at Acton at this time, and the late Miss Farmer (who died soon after him) when she heard of his decease, referred to the great benefit which she had derived from his ministry at this period.

Among the many happy recollections which Mr. Taylor's fellow-students have of their asso-

ciation with him at Richmond, none are more pleasant than of meetings for mutual edification in religion, and for theological discussion. The band-meetings, which, at one season, were held between five and six a.m., were times of special spiritual influence, as those who took part in them well remember.

Of our theological discussions, held on Monday afternoons, at the suggestion of Mr. E. J. Robinson, I have preserved the following record: "April 21st, 1845: The subject for discussion was—Is a regenerate person meet for Heaven?" On this question, Mr. Taylor read the following paper: "It is a principle of metaphysics that the thoughts and affections of the mind are the mind itself in different states, and that the faculties of the soul are simply its capabilities of existing in certain conditions. Revelation declares that the destinies of men are sealed at death by the decree: 'He that is unjust let him be unjust, still; and he that is holy, let him be holy still.'

"The combination of these truths will illustrate the scriptural statement that every regenerate person is graciously 'meet' for heaven. The supremacy of Divine love is characteristic of his nature. Sin exists, at most, in proneness. Evil may be at hand in every degree from possibility to likelihood,—yet it is disallowed. In the language of science, it is merely a *capacity*, and no part of the

phenomena. The mental state, whether more or less mature, is holiness; and we learn from the passage quoted that the renewed soul, in passing from probation into eternity, is dealt with, not according to what might have been, but what is found to be; not by its capacity, but by its condition.

“This view will correct some mistakes about indwelling sin which have arisen from the material analogy of the phrase, and shows the unsoundness of a common argument for the attainment of Christian perfection, which can only perplex and alarm, namely, that it must be enjoyed in this life.

“Yet these remarks do not at all interfere with the glorious doctrine that the fulness of love is *attainable* here. On the contrary, they may serve to exhibit in clearer light ‘the beauty of holiness,’ and to explain the great salvation more consistently with the general analogy of faith.”

In support of this view the following passages were adduced—Col. i. 9—14: “Here it is to be observed, that the Colossians were still wanting in a perfect knowledge of God’s will, and in spiritual understanding; and enjoyed but partially, at least, those other blessings which the Apostle supplicates for them. Still he gives thanks for them, and for himself and Timothy, that they had been made ‘meet’ for ‘the inheritance of the saints in light.’” Rom. viii. 17: “‘If children, then heirs.’ As soon as any one is regenerate therefore, he has a title

to heaven. It is objected: 'A title is not a meetness. We often distinguish between the two.' True: a title is not a meetness, but it *implies* a meetness. Is it conceivable that God would regard any one as having a title to heaven who was *not* meet for it?" John iii. 36: "'He that *believeth* on the Son hath everlasting life.' Here *belief* gives title to life. But what are we to understand by indwelling sin? Is it not something which renders the subject of it *unmeet* for heaven? To this the reply is: Sin exists, at most, only in proneness. This proneness is not in itself the subject of God's condemnation, because 'There is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus;' it is to be deplored, and its removal sought, because it subjects us to the perpetual liability to sin. Hence we see *how* it is that a regenerate person is meet for heaven. In every regenerate mind the love of God is the dominant principle. It is the very character of the new-born soul to love God. Suppose then, that a person from the first moment of his becoming regenerate is subject to no temptation. In that case he would never sin; and would have in his heart nothing but love to God. In heaven there will be no temptation. Consequently a person's possession of love to God is a qualification for Heaven."

In support of the above views the following passages were adduced from Wesley's Works,

vol. viii. pp. 275, 298, octavo edition:—" Q. 1. What is it to be justified?—A. To be pardoned and received into God's favour; into such a state, that, if we continue therein, we shall be finally saved."
—" Q. 19. Ought we to be anxiously careful about perfection, lest we should die before we have attained?—A. In no wise. We ought to be thus careful for nothing, neither spiritual nor temporal."

CHAPTER III.



CIRCUIT LIFE.

“Christian saw the picture of a very grave person hung up against the wall, and this was the fashion of it : it had eyes lifted up to heaven, the best of books in his hand, the law of truth was written upon his lips, the world was behind his back ; it stood as if it pleaded with men, and a crown of gold did hang over its head.”—BUNYAN.

HAVING completed his three years' residence at Richmond, Mr. Taylor was appointed by the Conference of 1846, to the Hastings Circuit, as the successor of the Rev. Luke H. Wiseman. Here he resided only one year, being appointed in 1847 to be the assistant of the Rev. John Scott, then Chairman of the Wesleyan Education Committee and Superintendent of the St. George's-in-the-East Circuit. His Superintendent at Hastings was the Rev. James Brownell, with whom he laboured in perfect harmony, and for whom he always cherished an affectionate regard.

The spirit in which he entered upon his work, and in which he continued to prosecute it, will be apparent from the following extracts from his correspondence.

“33, Mount, York,

August 12th, 1846.

MY DEAR HELLIER,

You see I am for Hastings. It is awkward for one's self-importance to be Wiseman's successor. May the change do me good in this way. I am wishing the Conference was closed, that I might fix my heart and mind on Hastings. I am thankful for many mercies, and amongst others that I am becoming more ashamed of myself. This is a good thing, you will say. And yet I am ashamed of my want of shame. Blessed be God, Jesu's blood cleanseth us from all sin! I want it to cleanse me continually and *fully*; and then to show its cleansing power.”

The following letter to his friend, the Rev. J. D. Geden, gives his first impressions of his new position.

“Hastings, Sept. 8th, 1846.

MY DEAR GEDEN,

. . . I have been, with the exception of the first Sunday, very cheerful since I came. With Mr. and Mrs. Brownell I am exceedingly comfortable. Indeed, I am *at home*. They are both very kind. My room is a spacious one at the top of the house, having a pleasant country view. My work is light with regard to the number of times I

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have to preach, only twice in the week as a general rule. But it is not so easy with regard to the number of sermons I have, or shall have, to make ; about seven sermons in a month at Hastings.

The congregations are very good, but I fear the proportion of members is unusually small. Already we hear of this and the other being a backslider. I need not say the neighbourhood is most charming ; such a house to live in, and such scenery to enjoy, I hardly expect to have again. Your 'old family friend' is very well. . . . He was telling me last week about your father being in the Circuit, and his *great* usefulness in the settlement of their affairs and the enlargement of the Church. They only stand sixty more in the town this day than when your father left. And then it was delightful to hear him speak of 'Little Johnny' coming to his counter before he could talk, with a basket to beg and receive the accustomed bun. I *did* laugh, and am laughing now. But we are older now, and I ought to be more serious ; but I am looking at what I have written, and am laughing still. I will be more serious when I write again, as I shall be the moment I fold this, and think of my work,—my insufficiency, and its magnitude. We will remember each other where memory best serves.

Yours ever,

M. C. TAYLOR."



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“Hastings, September 7th, 1846.

DEAR PARENTS,

Your letter was like a spring of water in a dry land. It was very refreshing to receive in the midst of strangers a letter from *home*. . . . This is here, as elsewhere, a bad season for religion. But few of our own people get to chapel, and visitors don't often come in faith. My Superintendent has evidently the cause at heart, and I am glad I am with him. We generally go out together in the afternoon. With regard to sermonizing, I have not been tried much yet; but I feel I must walk in the light if I would see light. I trust my work will be a great blessing to my own soul in quickening and strengthening me; and I pray to be useful. Through infinite mercy it is the Gospel I preach, and this is the power of God.”

In another letter to his parents of about the same date he says:—

“Yesterday I felt more of my weakness and emptiness than I had done before, and in the afternoon was led to special supplication. In the evening I was *bound*, though preaching from an old text; but afterwards, to my unspeakable joy, six freely and publicly sought mercy. It was a refreshing season for my poor faith, and I endeavour to give the glory to God. Blessed be His

mercy and His power. His strength is perfected in weakness.

In the morning I attempted to preach for the first time directly on the subject of a clean heart, (1 John i. 9). Fear or grace prevented my saying more than simply explaining the passage, but I felt the word precious to my own soul. God sealed the truth on my own heart, and I felt Him present to cleanse. Yet nothing but an hourly baptism will suffice. The Lord make me a vessel of grace, filled myself, and overflowing to many, many around. I have got an alarum, and hope to rise regularly, in decent time for a preacher of the Gospel.

Griffiths and Burrell, mentioned in the "Notices" newspaper for Oct. 15th, were with me at Richmond. I have great delight in praying for you, my dear father and mother. My love to John and Annie.

Yours ever,

M. C. TAYLOR."

To his parents.

"October 6th, 1846.

The afternoons I spend out of doors, and I find the pastoral taste Benjamin Chapman gave me an invaluable help. I have seen nearly all the members of St. Leonard's, and we are obtaining lists of the Hastings classes. In my work I have had more encouragement than, with my unbelief,

I could expect. I have heard of one conversion ; may it be the earnest of hundreds."

*"Hastings, November 18th, 1846.*

MY DEAR GEDEN,

. . . I have found great help in sermonizing from visiting the people. We have got an arranged list made out, and I have got through it once. And the effect I did not anticipate—more ease and less fear in preaching. Now that I know them, I don't dread them as I did. . . . Your friend John Scott's rule comprises the most good. When the heart is right, all is comparatively easy. I rejoice there is grace to keep it right. It is best with me when I pray much, and when I set before my own soul and the souls of the people the privilege of being saved from all sin. My faith and enjoyment this week are greater. O the unspeakable mercy of Christ! There have been some additions to the Society, and there are some mourners in Zion, but we want 'the soul-converting power.'"

*"Hastings, December 9th, 1846.*

MY DEAR HELLIER,

. . . The Bible is not a Divinity Lecture-book, but a volume of precepts and promises, given here and there, as the scope of the writer, and the circumstances of the people prompted. Some passages are only allusions to subjects on which the Apostles

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had doubtless discoursed at length in preaching face to face. And on glancing at the whole I see that they taught a 'perfection' of living without wilful sin, and of loving God with 'all the heart.' . . . If when seeking pardon we had delayed our trust in Christ until we had seen through the metaphysics of faith and peace, of a Divine witness and filial love, we had never trusted. And will it not be so here? We gain knowledge best when we seek it in the light of the throne. We are soon satisfied on our knees, though we have been long perplexed at our desk. Why do I write thus but to stir up this heart of mine?

I am happy that God 'giveth more grace.' I often feel Him, and feel Him now, my utmost Saviour; but I seem to want faith, to grasp the treasure I have—to take it out of my store-house into my hand, and use it in the service of Christ."

The Conference of 1847 having appointed Mr. Taylor to be the Assistant of the Rev. John Scott, it was necessary for him to leave Hastings, and to reside at Mr. Scott's house in St. George's-in-the-East. In reference to his new circumstances, he says in a letter, dated "London, *September 24th*, 1847, —My home is as comfortable as I could desire; Mr. Scott is as kind as a man could be, and his family are very agreeable."

One sentence gains special interest viewed in connection with the writer's early removal:

"It often stirs me up to think my day is short, and that my rest and reward will be eternal. How very soon will these changes come to an end, and we all meet again for ever! What a mystery of grace that we 'watch a moment to secure an everlasting rest!'"

At the Conference of 1848, he removed with Mr. Scott to Islington, where he remained during the next three years. His residence here was, in all respects, a very happy and profitable one. He speaks, in one of his letters, of the benefit connected with a change of Circuit, and of a blessed revival of religion he had recently shared in.

"23, Mount, York, February 5th, 1849.

I write most gratefully that for the last six months the God of all mercy has been bringing me nearer to Himself. In addition to the helps named, there was *the great* advantage of changing my Circuit, and being led to begin again and afresh, and the sacred feeling kindled by seeing the pleasure of the Lord prospering in my hands. And more recently I have again received blessing from occasional intercourse with that flame of fire, William Arthur.

The last fortnight, special services have been held at Newington and Islington. Those at Islington were owned by a special outpouring of the Spirit. Such general, nay, universal solemnity and spirituality I never saw before.

Our School-room will not hold more than two hundred, I think, but we had to bless God for having touched the hearts of all who came to hear, and having saved about fifty. It was a day of salvation to many of the families of our people. The grace on my own mind will be productive, I trust, of great individual good. I *saw* the power of God glorifying His word, and honouring His Son. I had to exhort sinners to believe, assuring them they would be saved; and direct those who were panting after God, to drink of the fulness of life and be satisfied. I felt *bound* to do as I wished them to do. One Leader came one day and opened her mind with regard to her doubts and difficulties on the subject of a 'clean heart.' I spoke to her as I could, and on going home, she spent the afternoon in prayer, until God spoke to her desire, 'Be thou clean.' This stirred me up to embrace for myself the promise of the covenant, and I felt the all-cleansing virtue of the blood Divine."

His time of residence at Islington was a very busy one, owing to his many engagements in connection with the work of education. His letters at

this period frequently refer to great absorption in such business. But in the midst of many passing engagements, his highest interest was in theological questions, and his greatest zest for spiritual duties.

In 1850 the Conference was held in London. This was a time of anxiety on account of the agitation which prevailed in many places in our community; and in all public questions, Mr. Taylor took the most deep and lively interest. He did not despond, however, respecting the future. He had strong confidence in the soundness of Methodist doctrine, and in the essential principles of the Methodist discipline. He was conservative but not obstructive. He possessed the rare faculty of being able to forecast the issue of untried plans. He would often condemn new schemes, saying that "they would not work;" and at other times committed himself to a new enterprise when there were but few to favour it, confidently predicting its success. The result hardly ever proved him mistaken.

In the summer of 1851, memorable for the holding of the Great Exhibition in Hyde-Park, I had the opportunity of a few days' intercourse with him in London, and I have no recollection of anything connected with this Exhibition more vivid than of a conversation I had with him within the building. We sat down together in one of its least frequented parts, and I asked him on what

text he had last preached. He said, Psalm xlv. 16:—"Instead of thy fathers shall be thy children, whom thou mayest make princes in all the earth." "Are you satisfied that this Psalm, and that this verse in particular, has relation to the Church?" "Yes; certainly. It is quite possible that Solomon's marriage with Pharaoh's daughter may have been the *occasion* of writing this Psalm, but it never could have been its *subject*; just as this great Exhibition will be the occasion of preaching many sermons, of which it will not be itself the theme." "But what, then, do you mean to show by this text." "That there is a steady and constant improvement going on in the membership of the Church, especially resulting from this fact, that the children of pious parents now, to so large an extent, form its membership." "Then you do not think that children always degenerate from the piety of their fathers." "There may be some instances in which this is the case; but, as a rule, we may reasonably expect that the children of pious people will be better than their parents; and experience, I think, proves that this is the case."

The Rev. J. D. Geden, in reference to the period of Mr. Taylor's residence in Islington, writes as follows:—

"While he was at Islington, as you know, I

was Assistant-Tutor at Richmond, and often went into London to preach on Sundays. On these occasions we generally arranged to meet somewhere,—usually at the Mission-House on Monday morning. We rarely parted without prayer. Many a time in an upper back room at the Mission-House he has poured out with me, and for me, that tender, thoughtful, pleading, gracious prayer, which the Spirit of God moving mightily in men, can alone enable them to offer.”

The Rev. Edward Lightwood, one of his colleagues at Islington, says of the same period:—“I knew him intimately, and greatly loved and esteemed him; no friend more—few as much. But those traits of his many-sided and beautiful character, his self-denial, humility, simplicity of aim; his thorough consecration to the great Master’s work; his practical wisdom; his faultless life;—I really never saw any fault in him; nothing contrary to the highest ideal I could form of Christian excellence, viewed as entire devotedness to the Lord,—all these you well know.

“What I was particularly struck with as one mode of usefulness which he adopted was this: He would single out of the congregation particular youths and young men, and make their conversion his special object. He would give himself to the attainment of this with singular perseverance; and I believe that in the way of winning souls by

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this earnest, patient labour, he was eminently owned of God."

The following letters were addressed to Mr. Henry Beck, of Hastings. Mr. Beck was converted to God, and joined the Society, during the year of Mr. Taylor's residence at Hastings, "but after his removal," writes Mrs. W. Beck, "under circumstances which Mr. Taylor never understood, and which Henry could not explain to him, he fell away; always retaining the greatest respect and affection for his friend. After some years of carelessness he was taken ill. He was in great distress of mind, but would converse with no one [on the subject of religion]. He was, however, willing to see Mr. Taylor, and a relative having informed him of all the circumstances, Mr. Taylor went down a few days to see him. This was his last visit to Hastings. Our brother was then confined to the house, dying of consumption. He came in the morning and spent the whole of that day with Henry, only leaving to get his dinner. My husband, the 'William' referred to in the letters, said, 'You will allow me to pay your expenses, Sir?' 'O,' he replied, 'you must take none of my pleasure away from me to-day!' Henry was in great peace from then till his death, and greatly did Mr. Taylor rejoice over him."

Although several of these letters were written

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long after the period to which the present chapter relates, they are given here altogether in order to show how unabated was Mr. Taylor's solicitude during many years on behalf of this wanderer from the fold, whom he had at first won to Christ, and whom, at the last, it was his happiness to restore.

“Chapel House, St. George's East, London.

September 11th, 1847.

MY DEAR HENRY,

The bargain was,—you would write me first, and I would reply. But how long you may make me wait before I hear of your welfare I don't know. So I write to beg the favour of a line from you to say how you are all getting on,—yourself in particular. When last we had any talk, you acknowledged you had been careless, and promised you would set out afresh. I am anxious to know if you have done so. If I *knew* you had, I might have waited quietly until you had written. But I am in ignorance, and therefore uneasy.

I remember your walks with me with gratitude and pleasure. And I remember you before God, praying you may be a man of God. To be in earnest is everything. If not, we are at best as a wave of the sea, driven with the wind and tossed; and very generally soon sunk in the world again. My dear Henry, I feel much on your account, knowing something of your danger and your state.

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You are yet young, and must pass through a thousand snares. Grasp firmly the hand of God,—be His servant, and His son, and you shall trample on ‘every pleasing bait of ill,’ deny yourself, and honour His name. Let your heart be given up to the Holy Spirit, and I picture for you a life of blessedness and usefulness that angels might envy. Your home shall be happy. Joseph and William shall be won by your prayers, your mother comforted, your sister encouraged, and your own soul like a well-watered garden. I beseech you be *decided*, forsake not your closet for anything, take hold of Divine wisdom and power, and this picture shall be fact. ‘Flee also youthful lusts: but follow righteousness, faith, charity, peace, with them that call on the Lord out of a pure heart.’ And so I shall always hear of you with joy. Remember me to Savage, and your class companions.

Your mother’s kindness, indeed the affection of you all, is dear to my memory. Whatever service I can render any of you at any time is yours. If you would know what you can do to promote my chief joy,—be very holy,—pray for my success,—and meet me in heaven. *You and Betsey* I claim as my crown of rejoicing. Both of you be faithful to the Master. My best love to your mother, and sister, yourself, Joseph, and William: also to brother and sister Godden.

Yours very affectionately,

M. C. TAYLOR.”

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" St. George's East, London.

October 29th, 1847.

MY DEAR HENRY,

I gather from your silence that it is not well with you, and I hear from one and another that you are not meeting in class. My feelings will not allow me to know all this, and say nothing. O that a feeble word may bring conviction!

I am deeply grieved that there should have been any declension; but I am unwilling to think that you will allow this to continue. And when I call to mind the pleasure I have had in your company, and the hopes I have indulged with regard to your future course, I cannot bear the thought that *you* will go into the world.

If you would insure trouble and vexation in the world, and gain a hard heart, and meet with the terrors of death, trifle with your soul. Would you be esteemed and comfortable, honourable and useful here, and ready for a brighter, nobler rest, *give your heart to God*. You have lived long enough to find that resolutions of *future* amendment are worthless, and that one sin retained keeps sin on the throne.

With a heavy and weeping heart I beseech you, my dear Henry, that you make a stand, and play the man. Determine to save your soul, and do all that must be done to save it. Will you lose it or prize it? Do not think to keep it and trifle.

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God claims your strength and your all. Give them to Him, and He will honour you. Throw them away in the world, and better had it been if you had never been born. Think of your mother, of Joseph, Betsey, and William,—of *yourself*, and pray for mercy and victory. I am much obliged for Betsey's letter. I do not forget to pray for you all. My love to all in your house, not forgetting Mr. and Mrs. Godden.

If you have any wish to please me, write me a line. I want to hear from *yourself* how it is with you.

Yours very affectionately,

M. C. TAYLOR."

"*St. George's East, London.*

*November 3d, 1847.*

MY DEAR HENRY,

I am *very* glad you have written. I have not time to write at length. I can only say, I *do* and *will* pray for you. But you must pray for yourself, and act for yourself. And as for being ashamed to go to class,—you should be ashamed to stop away. And you know well every one there will welcome you with open heart. Then *go* in the name of Christ. You want happiness. You have tasted a little. Come now, and drink freely, and be strengthened to live for God. You have often been gloomy and wretched lately. Now for light

and liberty. Arise and shine. I want to see Joseph and William saved. They look at you. Trample on every bait of sin. Save yourself and them. The Holy Spirit rest upon you!

Yours truly,

M. C. TAYLOR."

Mr. Taylor wrote again on *October 30th*, 1850, after an interview with Mr. Beck. In his letter he says, "O how shall we all rejoice in seeing you grow up a man like your honoured grandfather; and how would you rejoice to feel that Christ, and all heaven and earth were smiling upon you! Come, my dear Henry, get back *at once* to your right place. Go to the mercy-seat. Join the Church. Honour your God.

Yours very affectionately and prayerfully,

M. C. TAYLOR."

The next letter, written after an interval of seven years, shows that his interest in his friend's welfare was unabated.

"*Eastbourne,*

*Thursday Afternoon, May 28th, 1857.*

MY DEAR HENRY,

I longed for an opportunity yesterday of asking you to return to God. I am sure you are not happy as you are, and that you feel you are not in the way

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to be happy. What honour you might win for your family! What good you might do to them and to many! I do not intend to write a long letter, lest you should forget the one point I wish to put—giving your heart again to God. The matter lies in a small compass. Live in the world and in sin, and then there is nothing but wretchedness and ruin before you. Turn to God, give up sin and the world, and your children's children will call you blessed. My heart yearns over you and over them. For your mother's sake, for Bessy's sake, for your family's sake, for the sake of your own body and soul, I pray you return to God,—no compromise, no tampering, no loitering,—or the devil will cheat you out of all your good resolutions.

Return to God now.

Praying for you,—I am,

Yours ever affectionately,

M. C. TAYLOR."

"Mount York, August 21st, 1858.

MY DEAR HENRY,

Being at home for a few days, I have leisure to write you. My wife is now reading a bundle of old Hastings letters which she has found; and I am thrown back on former happy days.

Some have gone to a better world; among these the foremost are your dear, gracious, good mother, Joseph, and cousin James. Some have removed

to other places,—uncle James, Cousin Jane, your sister Bessy. . . . Some remain at the old place, and hold on their way, seeking a city which hath foundations; and some are at St. Leonard's still, but they are not *the same*. They have given place to temptation, grieved God, fallen into a snare. This is the dark, sad aspect.

I need not say among these you, my dear Henry, stand first. You ran well; but Satan has hindered. I shall never forget a very pleasant walk we had towards Ninfield a day or two after you obtained peace with God. But you have it not now. And yet I am sure you many times desire that God would restore to you the joy of His salvation. My wish in writing to-day is to beg you to yield to this desire. Any mere outward reform will not save you. It will not last. Nothing but saving grace will restore you. And this is to be had, not by waiting, wishing, and partially correcting this fault and that; but by praying, coming to God in Christ as at first you came.

I dread the better feelings being withdrawn, if you do not honour them. You will then be cold and callous indeed. O begin to *pray*, Henry, whilst serious thoughts are continued. You cannot mend yourself. Only God can. Ask Him, and He will. He delighteth in mercy. Every one that *seeketh*, findeth.

I would ask you again to write me. But I will

not press it. I know your aversion to say anything, and still more to write. O for the voice of joy and rejoicing to be heard again under your roof, and in that dear old parlour! When shall it be?

Your affectionate friend,

M. C. TAYLOR."

"Westminster, April 2d, 1860.

MY DEAR HENRY,

You are not a youth now, but I cannot call you by any other than your old name. I heard to-day from Mrs. Everett, at Portsmouth, that you are very ill, and of course I write you. Mrs. E. desires it, but I should have written at once of my own accord,—only sorry that I cannot *talk* with you in place of writing.

And yet what shall I say? I could give way to my feeling, and write many words of entreaty. But I could say nothing new. And I should only write on guess. Will you not send me a word, Henry, to say how you are,—what you are?

It seemed as though you would not obey the strivings of the Holy Spirit in health, and God is *not* willing that you should perish, and so is seeking to bring you to Himself by sickness. It is a desperate remedy; but it *is* a remedy, meant for the salvation of your *soul*.

How are these days passing? *Can* you feel yourself get weaker and weaker, and not pray for

mercy? I will not think it, unless you say so. I am just thinking of your walk to meet me on the road from Ninfield, in the spring of 1847. You have not forgotten it,—how God blessed you, and *saved* you. *My* heart is bowed down when I think of that time, and of your backsliding since; and yours is too. But this alone will not repair the wrong and ruin. Nothing will but prayer, and the precious blood of Christ. The devil and your own heart would allow you to do anything rather than pray. But you are not ignorant of their evil reasonings. Answer them all by calling on God to help and save you. I will not say more now, hoping you will just tell me how to think of and write to you.

My love and sympathy to you and your dear wife and children.

Your old friend,

M. C. TAYLOR."

Before the next letter was written Mr. Taylor had again visited Mr. Beck at Hastings. It was his last visit to the place, and it was his great happiness to be able at last to lead back to God the friend whom he had so long and earnestly entreated to return.

"Westminster, June 18th, 1860.

MY DEAR HENRY,

I have often wished I could spend the moments

of Saturday again with you. It is only a little you have strength to bear, and I feel I ought to have endeavoured to speak that little as carefully as I could.

There are just two objects for you to contemplate:—

1. *Yourself.* Your own heart. Your own life. Your times of conviction, and prayer, and mercy; and your times of forgetfulness, unfaithfulness, and striving *not* to yield to the blessed Spirit. O is there not *need* of forgiveness, and acceptance, and salvation? Your need is so deep, so great that Christ has died to satisfy it, and the Holy Ghost is given to remove it.

2. *Christ.* He is the one other Object for you to look upon: His precious blood, His rising again, and ever living that He might pray for and save you.

All my desire is met if you rightly study these two things. I can wish you nothing higher than a broken heart, and the healing which flows from His stripes. This you want. O come now, as you read this, in all your weakness and pain, and with all your unworthiness and sin, straight and near to Him, and say,—

‘Thy side an open Fountain is.’

I will not trouble you to read more; but I can pray for you without taxing your strength. May

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your mother's God, and your God, save you, your anxious wife, your dear children.

Your old friend,

M. C. TAYLOR."

The following was addressed to his friend's widow:—

*"Westminster, July 9th, 1860.*

MY DEAR MRS. HENRY,

I should have written you last week had I not been hindered.

It was very pleasant to hear that your dear husband was enabled, though worn and weak, to give his heart to God and obtain mercy. 'At eventide it shall be light.'

By this time you will have laid him in his last home on earth, and begun to feel that, in the house and in the shop, you are alone. But there is One who, if 'inquired of' as He says, will be the Husband of the widow, and Father of the fatherless. You will call on Him in your retirement, I believe. But prayer will be more blessed if you observe two things. *First*, that you pray for that *sense* of the forgiveness and favour of God which alone can give you peace and power. We have all sinned, and must be pardoned or punished.

*Second*, that you pray not only for, but *with* your

family. Bring up your dear children for Heaven, and they will be your joy in this world, and will soon reunite with their departed father. Your responsibilities, difficulties, trials, all are great, but grace will make them light.

May the Almighty God be the Guide of your offspring, and be your own Saviour and Comforter! With affectionate regards and sympathy,

Yours very sincerely,

M. C. TAYLOR."

Belonging to this period are the following letters:—

*“Islington, Thursday morning,  
Feb. 1st, 1850.*

MY DEAR GEDEN,

You will have heard from Mr. Scott the fact of ——'s being found guilty; two for, one neutral, and about twenty against. Reason assigned by the two was,—That the agitation was created by the Conference. I asked the liberty of saying a word or two, as having, *because* of youth, a larger interest than many in the Methodism of the *future*. One point I made I feel strongly. Take it.

Why do we hear nothing of memorial meetings, etc., amongst *Dissenters*? Because there is no place for discussing Church polity with them, where the system is so simple and summary, and each

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member has nothing to do with the affairs of any other church or pastor than his own.

Why nothing amongst *Churchmen*? Because, practically, they are without system or discipline, and there is no authority to which they can bring their grievance,—the convocation not having met for a century and a half.

Why, then, do we hear so much on this head amongst ourselves? Because we are a Connexion, a living system, a working, not obsolete, government. But is this Connexional feature our distinction and glory as the means of unity and power in all our evangelizing efforts? It should therefore be sedulously guarded against abuse. Yet if any local meeting chose to agitate points of church-order,—points of all others to be most cautiously altered, or even discussed, when once laid down and worked for a whole century, its very Methodist relation to every other Circuit in the kingdom would entail unspeakable mischief, *and the Connexional feature would be our sure and speedy ruin.* The Conference of '35 has thus large claims on our gratitude for placing the most stringent regulations on all attempts to meddle with our laws. If we had no law of '35, Methodism, because of its receiving (in contrast with other churches) men of all extremes of politics, would become a scene of strife *just from its Connexional character*, and in a few years would vanish.

I dare say I may attach more importance to this notion than it deserves, because it struck me: but I do hold it most gravely and solemnly.

Father writes again this morning that you are to lay aside work, and put yourself under medical care.

Yours affectionately,
M. C. TAYLOR."

"Islington, Nov. 15th, 1850.

MY DEAR HELLIER,

Your explanation of the first command is clear and satisfactory, and your thought that hate may love God, exceedingly beautiful, as expressing a triumph of the grace that leads captivity captive. What is that old legal maxim,—*qui facit per alium facit per se*,—or something of the kind? Whether towards the Creator or the creature we may be said to *honour* or *serve* with the heart, soul, and mind, though we can only *directly* give honour by the feeling of esteem or reverence, and can only *directly* yield service by some contrivance of our thoughts. But besides the solution of all the faculties having one common aim and end, though some prosecute their path to the one centre immediately, and others circuitously, there is another solution peculiar to this business of *love*. *Honour* and *service* are results of mental operations; *love* is a prime mover, and all-pervading impulse. These


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may appear as the *product* of the spiritual machinery, and therefore be said to grow out of the whole inner man; but this is no distinct, isolated product, it is the *power*, the impelling *motive*, animating, directing, quickening the whole intellectual framework. Love is a vitalizing, actuating spirit to the entire body of the faculties; and therefore there is a *peculiar* propriety in saying a man may love with his mind. Love makes the mind think—think *in* love; and so the mind loves.

If you mean no more than you say about the criterion of a state of perfect love, I think you scarcely go far enough. When I read, 'Must we not apply negative tests rather than positive ones?' I hesitated, for I remember this was a prominent point in the teaching of my old Leader, Theodore Jones, when he began to be heterodox or queer in his views of entire holiness. (He used to refer to 1 Cor. xiii., alleging there were none but negative features to be found there. But surely *you* will not say this.) And observing how you worked out your principle, I was confirmed in my notion that your criterion was only 'negatively' good, if good at all. It might serve for ascertaining the *existence* of love,—though I more than question this. Now, when I have written it, I do not think it would. How could the absence of everything contrary prove a positive existence. A man may not hate, may not

be indifferent, just because he may not be without feelings of any kind towards some one of his fellows.\*

The 'negative rule' will still less serve for ascertaining the *degree* of our love, whether perfect or imperfect. I do *not* think that perfect love would be evinced merely 'by the absence of all feeling of dislike, and by the not refusing to prove my love practically on all occasions that offer.' True love would be evinced; but surely perfect love would not. Such evidence would show a man had some love,—but *how much*, how ardent, how self-consuming, how all-possessing, would not appear. Would this be loving with *all* the heart and soul and mind? You may fairly ask how your difficulty is to be met,—'Can we exactly mark out the *how much* in the amount of time or number of acts of mental reference to God?' I agree with you,—No! But why,—because any positive test is inapplicable? Certainly not; but because our emotions refuse to be defined in words, or to flow in measure of time. There may be a general description, but there can be no mathematical formula or analysis of these spontaneous, wilful [willing] emotions of ours. 'What test then *does* Taylor propose?' Such positive things as delighting in God, meditating on God, submitting to

\* Mr. Taylor, in a subsequent letter, admitted that there was force in my argument when more explicitly stated. *The nature of the case* is such with man that evil passions can be expelled by love alone. Therefore the constant absence of these proves the abiding presence of love.

God. In one word, the state St. John lays down in 1 John iv. 16, 17, 12; ii. 5; that of self-renunciation, and dwelling in God, will prove its possessor to be 'perfect in love.' Besides this, there is the consciousness that satisfies before any test can be applied. The works of the Spirit are all in light. He will, to use the old saying, shine upon His own work; and having filled a man's heart with love, will fill his mouth with praise. 'We know the things that are freely given to us of God,' (1 John ii. 20—27,) seems to refer explicitly to the light of heaven in our own experience of the grace of Christ.

'When may a man be said to—love his neighbour as himself?' This is perplexing to one who hitherto has been innocent—shall I confess it?—of all thought upon the matter. To say he is to love him '*as truly*' seems unsatisfactory; it had better been said, 'love his neighbour as he loves his friend;' it does not equal the words 'as himself.' We have the help of the practical explanations in the truth of God, 'All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them;' and Matthew xix. 19, which refers to the second table of the law as the detail of this summary of Divine Law. I was going to offer as my exegesis, 'as thoroughly': but the more I think of it the more I feel the difficulty of expressing in any one phrase what is here said by our Lord. But is not the meaning this, or something like it? Self-love is

natural, strong, permanent; and, because of our wicked nature, always in danger of degenerating into selfishness, which is the seeking our own good at the expense of another's.

But selfishness is instantly condemned by this law,—Love your neighbour as yourself. I think the words can only be honestly rendered as referring to *degree* of affection, and not to *genuineness* only. But are we then to love our neighbour *as much* as we love ourselves? I think so. Am I wrong? I confess I am startled by what I have written;—but I do not care, for I am groping my way, by your help, into the light, I trust. I see no practical wrong arising from such a requirement. I am not to seek my neighbour's salvation first, because that would be to love him *better* than myself. But my own interest and happiness I am bound first to secure,—not from preference of myself to my neighbour, but from my own responsibility for myself in a sense in which I am responsible for no one else, and from the *law* (for it is not instinct merely, but a prime law of our Maker) of self-preservation. But having obtained happiness myself, I am then with *as much* earnestness, and with *as much* pains to seek the happiness of my neighbour. Self-love is not so much an emotion of which a man is conscious, as a principle inwrought into his whole being on which he acts. And therefore there is the less objection to my interpretation. It is very easy to love any one

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as ardently as we love ourselves, for we are hardly sensible of any love at all towards ourselves, I suppose; at least I am not.

The law, of course, has its *special* enactments and duties. The love we *owe* to our relatives and friends is a more limited, but not less binding requirement of God, and may be taken as a branch of the second and great commandment. And this thought suggests the wisdom of the Divine words. They are not, 'Love your neighbour as your children.' This *emotion* would be unnatural, impossible,—too high; and this practice would be irregular, ever-shifting,—and might be much *too low*; for some parents would seek their own gain at the cost of their children's good. No;—the law of God is natural, practical, *universally right*,—'Love thy neighbour as thyself.' My notion is this,—love thyself *first*, otherwise no one would know how to fulfil the Divine command; then, love thy neighbour,—not more—not less,—but *next*.

I have experienced a *little* clarifying of my own notions during this exercise of writing. Do you sift them, and they will be clarified much more.

'How are we to obtain the grace necessary to fulfil these great commands?' Alas! that we prize so little the knowledge of this most important part of saving doctrine, for experience would be our best instructor. The command is a promise. The Holy Ghost is our Helper. Faith, the faith of submission

and *confidence*, our means and channel. Words exceeding great and precious are present to my pen, but they are as present to your thoughts, and I need not quote them. Such love must always be emphatically of the inspiration of the Comforter. 'Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it.' "

To Mr. (now Rev.) James D. Tetley.)

"Islington, March 1st, 1850.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You mention the 'Examination.' All examinations now are framed on the model of the list of questions given in Grindrod's Compendium. Get a memorandum-book, and put one query at the top of each page. Answer as well as you can, with a definition and proofs. You will thus see what you know, and you can amend your answers at leisure.

You also name a 'course of study.' I don't know whether I have named books before, but Bates' Harmony, Barrow's Sermons, and Howe's Works, rank next to our own Standard Works for your purpose. Use the pen freely in reading; and mark off your own progress by a Common-Place Book, or by preserving some continuous account of the books you read. What is not worth this pains is worth nothing to you. Taylor's Elements of Thought, Abercrombie, Payne's Elements, and Whately's Rhetoric, will be most serviceable books.

Let each sermon you make be *the best* you can

make; and as you preach for the honour of Christ, you will be guided and strengthened to preach more worthily of *Him*.

Yours very affectionately,

M. C. TAYLOR."

(To Miss Dalby, of York, long an invalid.)

"10, *St. George's Terrace,*

Islington, September 6th, 1850.

MY DEAR MISS DALBY,

I read yours with great pleasure, and feel obliged by the opportunity you have given me of reading, and then writing, on the things of Christ. I am only sorry leisure has not earlier served for my reply.

Thanks be unto God for the perfect peace and love in which He has kept you for years past! He has given you to glorify Him 'in the fires;' and you have proved that faith gives the victory. To rejoice in afflictions is 'the Lord's doing;' and, when seen month by month, is 'marvellous in our eyes.'

If you will listen to any one else proposing your own doubts, your answer will be ready and confident. You would say,—the suggestion of fear is not mine, it is the enemy's; and a suggestion felt the more strongly because of the weakness and lassitude of body and mind. As with Job, he tempts the spirit most when the body is brought low.

Again, if the suggestion be entertained, and

fears indulged, they are at least *religious* fears, if not *gracious*; more like infirmity than sin. But if ever consciously indulged to the disparagement of Divine love and faithfulness, and so assuming the character of sin against Christ,—there is ‘a fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness.’ Coming again to God will at once break the snare. ‘These fears may be unacceptable, displeasing to Thee. See if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting. If not wholly saved before, save me wholly now.’ Either such misgivings are inconsistent with perfect love to God or not. If not, I may rejoice and take courage. If they are, ‘with Him is plenteous redemption;’—‘He will perfect that which concerneth me;’—and I may have a salvation more full than ever I obtained before, and so the temptation shall only issue in ‘the furtherance of the Gospel’ in me. Blessed be our God and Saviour!

It just occurs to me that Luke i. 74 seems like a charter drawn up for you. May you be strengthened with all might.

I understand you to ask for some written remarks on John iv. 48. The following is an outline of my sermon on the passage:—

I. As spoken to the bystanders.—A reproof to those who ‘seek a sign’ only as an excuse for wilful unbelief. The Pharisees. Men of the world. Impenitent hearers.

II. As spoken to the father.—A reproof to those who sincerely, but foolishly, require signs and wonders before they will believe in the *word* of Christ. Contrast with centurion—‘Trouble not Thyself; speak the word only,’—The nobleman,—‘Sir, come down.’ And so sincerity of many becomes *sincere distrust*;—must have certain conditions of their own devising fulfilled before they confide in the sprinkled blood. They *wait* for, 1. More perfect knowledge; 2. Greater feeling; 3. Some special revelation of Christ; (1) in impression on outward senses: Thomas; or, (2) in assurance to their hearts. 4. Some favourite means; (1) Inwardly,—through dazzling brightness; (2) Outwardly,—through this ordinance or that.

[We are] taught here: 1. Value of prayer.—The father did not at first comprehend the reproof, reiterates the cry, mixed up with the same error, ‘Come down.’ Our Lord’s answer shows that mistaken prayer is better than enlightened indifference. *Feeling* after Him, He will bring the blind by a way they know not.

2. Value of faith.—Though resolved to honour the persevering suppliant, would only bless through faith. ‘Go thy way.’ The man cured of his unbelieving condition, ‘*believed the word,*’ and ‘*went his way*’ alone, never desiring now that Christ should go down with him.

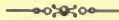
He will *not* save without faith. He *will* save

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through faith. Signs and wonders are only to persuade that the message *is* the Word of God. (1 Cor. xiv. 22.) Their whole office ends there; and ten thousand more cannot make the Word more sure or precious. Do you believe this Book to be *His Word*? Go thy way, 'He that hath the Son hath Life.'

Nothing will give me greater pleasure than being at any time the helper of your joy. Remember me very kindly to your family.

Yours affectionately,  
M. C. TAYLOR."

## CHAPTER IV.



### LIFE AT WESTMINSTER.

“The end, then, of learning is to repair the ruins of our first parents by regaining to know God aright, and out of that knowledge to love Him, to imitate Him, to be like Him, as we may the nearest by possessing our souls of true virtue, which, being united to the heavenly grace of faith, makes up the highest perfection.”—MILTON.

AS the rest of Mr. Taylor's public life was spent in connection with the Wesleyan Normal College at Westminster, and the work of the Wesleyan Education Committee, it will not be out of place to give here a brief history of the efforts put forth by the Wesleyan body in promoting the great work of national education.

How earnestly John Wesley himself desired the religious education of the poor, will be manifest from a paper drawn up by Mr. Taylor, and read at the first Annual Meeting held on behalf of Wesleyan Education, at the Centenary Hall, May 3d, 1855:—

“John Wesley's first building was a school for the poor. He may be said to have commenced his public life in this country in 1739; and his Journals

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mention incidentally that, in June of that year he had 'begun to build a school in the middle of Kingswood,' for the children of the colliers. In 1743, he published 'Instructions to Children,' and in 1746, 'Lessons for Children.' These were educational hand-books, designed for the use, not merely of parents, but of his preachers, who were expected to labour systematically in training the minds of the children of their congregations. In 1748, writing an account of what had been done in connection with the Foundery, he says, 'Another thing which had given me frequent concern was the case of abundance of children. Some their parents could not afford to put to school; so they remained like a wild ass's colt. Others were sent to school, and learned, at least, to read and write, but they learned all kinds of vice at the same time; so that it had been better for them to have been without their knowledge, than to have bought it at so dear a price. At length, I determined to have them taught in my own house, that they might have an opportunity of learning to read, write, and cast accounts, (if no more,) without being under almost a necessity of learning heathenism at the same time.

“After several unsuccessful trials, I found two such schoolmasters as I wanted; men of honesty and of sufficient knowledge, who had talents for, and their hearts in the work. They have now

under their care near sixty children: the parents of some pay for their schooling; but the greater part, being very poor, do not; so that the expense is chiefly defrayed by voluntary contributions.' And subsequently he remarks, 'A happy change was soon observed in the children, both with regard to their tempers and behaviour. They learned reading, writing, and arithmetic swiftly; and at the same time they were diligently instructed in the sound principles of religion.' He shortly afterwards founded a similar institution at Newcastle, called the Orphan-House. It was also in the same early period of his labours that he established at Kingswood, what he designed to be an Improved Grammar School, for educating the children of the middle classes, 'according,' he writes, 'to the accuracy of the Christian model.' The following extracts from the Minutes of his early Conferences, drawn up by himself, is a specimen of the manner in which he pressed on others attention to the same subject.

“‘What shall we do for the rising generation? Unless we take care of these, the present revival will be *res unius ætatis*; it will last only the age of man. Who will labour herein? Let him that is zealous for God and the souls of men begin now. Preach expressly on education. “But I have no gift for this.” Gift or no gift you are to do it; else you are not called to be a Methodist Preacher. Do it

as you can till you can do it as you would. Pray earnestly for the gift, and use the means for it. Particularly study *Instructions* and *Lessons for Children.*'

"When Raikes published the account of his attempt to gather together on the Lord's Day neglected children in Gloucester, and instruct them in religious truth, Mr. Wesley reprinted the narrative in the next monthly number of the *Arminian Magazine*, and earnestly commended the adoption of the plan to his Societies. Three years afterwards he records his pleasure in meeting with nearly one thousand children in a Sabbath-school at Bolton-le-Moors."

The Wesleyan community from this time forward exerted itself earnestly in promoting Sunday-schools, and when the educational census was taken in 1851, the returns of Mr. Horace Mann showed that the Wesleyan Methodists then had 4,216 Sunday-schools; 81,181 Teachers; and 429,727 Scholars. Corresponding efforts, however, had not been made by the Denomination for the promotion of Christian Week-day schools. But at the Conference of 1836, the importance of this work was recognised, and the late Rev. Samuel Jackson, I believe, especially pressed its claims on the attention of the Conference and the Connexion. A small committee was appointed, to collect information and report to the Conference of 1837. (Minutes of

Conference, vol. viii., p. 90.) In 1837, a larger committee was appointed, and the importance of the work was dwelt on in the Annual Address to the Societies. (Minutes of Conference, vol. viii. pp. 222, 223, 233.) This Committee, reappointed from year to year, had under its consideration the best methods for establishing schools, and training Teachers: and in 1839, the Conference gave its approval to the Committee's "Plan for the Promotion of Religious Education in connection with the Wesleyan Body." In 1840, the Conference resolved that the interest of the sum voted from the Centenary Fund for Educational purposes should be expended chiefly in the training of Teachers.

"The action of the Wesleyan Committee of Education may be regarded as commencing with the year 1840, [or a little before]. Many Wesleyan schools had been established previously at various dates, but no uniform or systematic effort had been made to extend Day-school Education till about this time. . . . The number of Wesleyan schools established prior to 1841, was 101, with about 8,193 scholars. By far the greater part of these schools were upon the British system. Some time previously the Missionary Committee had determined upon the establishment of a number of schools in the West Indies, to meet the wants of the negroes recently freed from their slavery and

subsequent apprenticeship. Mr. H. Armstrong had been commissioned by them to investigate the working of the chief Educational systems in Britain, and upon the strength of his report mainly, it was decided to adopt Mr. Stow's system. The success which attended the experiment in the West Indies, was such as to lead the Education Committee to base their home operations on the same principles.

“From the Centenary Fund, raised in 1839, £5,000 was set apart for Educational purposes, and the Committee very judiciously resolved to invest the money for a time, and to apply the interest to the training of Teachers at the Glasgow Normal Seminary. In 1843, after the excitement which ensued on the introduction of a bill for Factory Education, by Sir James Graham, the sum of £20,000 was raised, and invested for a time, and half the proceeds of the Chapel Fund Collection were assigned to the Committee for seven years. They pressed the work with renewed vigour by largely increasing the number of Teachers under training, and by encouraging the opening of schools, by advice, and by pecuniary assistance. Up to 1851, they had trained 448 students at Glasgow, and the number of schools had increased to 363. In that year the Training Institution at Westminster was opened, having been erected at a cost of nearly £40,000.

“After anxious deliberation, and many consultations with Sir J. P. Kay-Shuttleworth, then Secretary of the Committee of Council on Education, and David Stow, Esq., of Glasgow, and other gentlemen, the plans prepared by J. Wilson, Esq., F.S.A., of Bath, were adopted, and on the 27th of September, 1849, the foundation-stone was publicly laid by Thomas Farmer, Esq.

“In July, 1850, the Model School was opened for the reception of children, and shortly afterwards the Junior School was opened under the care of Mr. West, and the Infant School under the care of Mr. Langler and Miss Goble. The Senior School was opened July 14th, 1851, and was put under the care of Mr. Kinton about the close of 1851, and the Girls' School was opened on the 6th of October, 1851. This was the date of the first admission of students to the Institution, eight male students, and two female students, having entered on that day. On the day following the rules of the Institution were first read, and an opening address made by the late Rev. John Beecham, D.D.” *

At the Conference of 1851, Mr. Taylor was appointed Secretary of the Education Committee, and, in connection with Mr. Scott as Principal, had to take the oversight of the Normal College at Westminster, which was at this time opened.

* From MS. Lectures by W. Sugden, Esq., B.A., Head-Master of the Normal College, Westminster, kindly lent for the purpose of this Memoir.

Referring to this prospective appointment he says :—“ (July 29th, 1851) : I am not sorry about Westminster. If I am vigilant and industrious, I may acquire more, and dispense more than in most Circuits.” In a letter, dated Normal Institution, Westminster, Oct. 21st, 1851, he thus speaks of the opening :—

“ Soon after Conference I began to attend here every day, living at the Green (Stoke Newington). The time passed busily, but pleasantly, the plot thickening, as Mr. Scott was obliged to leave town, and the time for opening drew on. Then on 6th of October we opened, I, of course, being obliged to live here. Ten students was our number the first week, and last Tuesday we received eleven more; making seventeen young men, and four young women. I soon found I had got into a very anxious berth. I had to be Principal, Secretary, Clerk of the Works, Committee, and every thing.* I had no idea that the ordering of all sorts of things had been delayed, and in some instances overlooked; and my time has been hitherto absorbed with a cloud of occupations, dignified and undignified. . . . I rise with the students at a quarter to six, but more than

* In this statement the writer refers, of course, to his responsibility in securing the completion of all the *domestic* arrangements of the College. In devising the arrangements for the course of instruction to be pursued he had, I believe, little or no share, this being devolved on others, and especially on the Head-Master, Mr. Sugden, then resident at the College.

once twelve p.m. has struck before my day's work was done. Now that every day finds us nearer completion, my cares and employments will, I hope, diminish. They ought; for reading and study have been out of reach. . . . I ought to say that the very cheering promise the students give of future usefulness has made me very happy in the midst of care. They are very orderly and tractable, and earnestly spiritual. Our Class-meetings and family worship are a great treat to me. . . . I generally contrive to have a little *textual* discussion at table, which the men seem to enjoy. . . . In spite of all the bustle, I have felt supernaturally sustained. It has often occurred to me, when I have hardly had time to pray during the day, and yet have felt so strong for my duties, 'Surely my friends are praying for me.' Yet, after all, there is nothing like praying for one's self. . . . The love of my friends is one of life's most precious jewels, and there are moments of anxiety and depression when I feel it vividly."

On November 19th of this year he married Miss Mary Chubb, of Stoke Newington, with whom he became acquainted during his residence in Islington. The married life then commenced was an exceedingly happy one. I believe it may be said, with confidence, that its happiness was never marred by one word of unkindness, or one moment

of distrust. Writing to a friend about a year after, and referring to his own married life, he says, "I often wonder at the goodness of God in His gift to me. If you are as suitably and richly blest, you may be content and grateful. I doubt not you will be, from all I hear."

If I were to follow my own inclination I should say much more respecting the happiness of Mr. Taylor's married life, and of that entire devotion by which his last days were soothed and cheered by his excellent wife. But I am restrained from saying more by injunctions laid upon me which I feel obliged, however reluctantly, to obey. At first he lived at 91, Tachbrook-Street; but in 1852 removed to Lansdowne-Road North, South Lambeth, where he continued to reside till his death.

The fifteen years during which he held the office of Secretary, 1851 to 1866, were undoubtedly the most important, as they were the most laborious portion of his life. His duties under any circumstances would have been onerous, but they were made especially so by several concurrent circumstances of this period. As we have already seen, a new college had to be opened, and all its operations organized. In addition to this, several changes were made in the educational system of the national government. These years witnessed the discussions relative to the Revised Code, and saw its first practical trial. Such changes could not

take place without involving much anxious thought, and much labour on the part of those who had the conduct of Wesleyan Day-school affairs. Every new proposal of government, every accomplished change, had to be watched; and, when it was carried into effect, its influence on Wesleyan Education had to be considered, in order that, if it appeared likely to act injuriously, the means of remedying the evil might be sought for and applied. Whilst such important matters occupied the anxious attention of all connected with the training College and the Committee, a very heavy care devolved on the Secretary.

Those who have the most perfect acquaintance with the history of Wesleyan Day-school Education at this period will acknowledge that, great as was the extra labour thus thrown on Mr. Taylor, he proved himself equal to the demand made upon him. Every proposal brought before Parliament, likely to affect the interests of education generally, and especially of Wesleyan education, had his immediate attention; and when information was required by the General or Local Committees, respecting such proposals, and application was made to him, he was ever ready to give the information sought.

There is good reason to believe that he won the high esteem of all connected with the government department of Education with whom he was brought into intimate connection. One testimony

may be here introduced which may serve instead of many, and is the more valuable because of its purely spontaneous character. M. Arnold, Esq., thus writes in his Report for the year 1865 :—

“I cannot conclude this Report without expressing my sorrow at the continued illness of Mr. Taylor, the Secretary of the Wesleyan Education Committee. He filled his important but difficult post with tact, temper, industry, clearness of head and devotion of heart, which made his services invaluable; and if, as I fear, these services must now be lost, I am sure that hearty regret will be felt, not only by the Wesleyan Committee, but also by every officer of your Lordships who has done business with Mr. Taylor.”

A most important part of Mr. Taylor's duty as Secretary was to correspond with the Local Committees of the various Wesleyan Day-schools established throughout the country. In conducting this correspondence he was prompt in reply, making it a rule that all letters on the business of his office should, if possible, be answered on the day they were received. When it is remembered that these letters were very numerous, that often they required careful thought before an answer could be given, such answer sometimes determining the question of the closing of a school or the change of a Teacher, it will be seen that this work alone made his office one of constant labour and care. In fact this part of his

work was incessant. If he left home his letters followed him, and from the first day of the year to the last, he was never secure from the demands which his official correspondence made upon his time and solicitous thought.

Another branch of his correspondence was with the Teachers. This also was very extensive. His well-known character as a wise counsellor and obliging friend gave encouragement to all Teachers, who were anxious about their schools or their own position, to write to him; and it is not surprising if a Teacher who received a prompt and kind reply felt encouraged to write again. Of course, this involved great additional labour, but it was always readily and ungrudgingly given.

The value of Mr. Taylor's labours in the College itself is well represented in the following sketches by Mr. Sugden, and Mr. Mansford. Mr. Sugden writes:—"In his office as Secretary to the Wesleyan Education Committee, Mr. Taylor, by common consent, manifested rare ability. He had in a high degree, the essential qualifications for conducting an extensive correspondence,—punctuality, diligence, and prompt attention. He possessed, likewise, great aptitude in carrying out the arrangements of an undertaking in such a way that all worked harmoniously and without jar. The very perfection with which he did his work, often served to conceal the extent of his regulating effort. Everything was

foreseen, prepared, and fitted to its end; and hence there never was a man of whom it could be more fitly said, that he was 'very busy without bustle.' But he had much higher qualities than these. He possessed a very considerable acquaintance with legal and general business which often proved of great value. Called to direct a large portion of the work of ingrafting a comparatively new department into the old stock of Methodism, this was no mean advantage; while his intimate knowledge of all the discipline of our Church, enabled him to act with greater judgment than most lawyers could by possibility do. His ready apprehension of the probable working of different projects was often called into play by the various education-schemes which were, from time to time, embodied in the Government Minutes. He had acquired a complete familiarity with the various codes, old and new; and many a perplexed correspondent found in him a safe and willing guide through their intricacies. He possessed an unusually calm and equable temper; and rarely, if ever, did he allow his judgment to be warped or blinded by it in the consideration of regulations or proceedings, however opposed to his own views: and hence, as rarely had he to repent of precipitate courses of action or rash opinions. The genuine and unassuming modesty which he exhibited in all that he did, lent additional value to his great abilities and services."

The following is from the pen of Mr. Mansford, B. A., Resident-Master at Westminster:—"Mr. Taylor's influence over the students in College was very marked and salutary. His own experience of student life, his keen and practised observation and his intimate knowledge of character, eminently qualified him to detect when, and where, a student was at fault; while his admirable tact, his genuine goodness of heart and love for souls, enabled him effectually to 'restore such an one in the spirit of meekness.' Moreover, he was ever on the watch for occurrences which revealed a student's disposition, and which gave him an opportunity of speaking a word in season. In such good offices he displayed at once remarkable gentleness and skill. He re-proved without wounding; and his praise, though discriminating, was always generously bestowed. But while he was uniformly considerate and gentle, he was intolerant of wrong, and knew how to rebuke sharply, whenever he thought the occasion demanded it. Such was the influence produced by his acknowledged penetration, and uprightness of character, that it permeated every department of College life, and continued to act as a check against unfaithfulness even in his absence. Every one who was conscious of doing right knew that he would receive Mr. Taylor's support and approval; but if any one was tempted to enter on a wrong course, he knew full well from what quarter he might

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confidently expect both detection and rebuke. His deep concern for the spiritual welfare of the students was strikingly manifested in the weekly Class-meetings. He combined such rare practical wisdom with such an intimate acquaintance with the things of God, as could not fail to make these meetings highly instructive and quickening. They were often, too, crowned with a 'holy influence,' and many of the old students still remember them with feelings of gratitude and delight. Nor were they forgotten by Mr. Taylor himself. Often in his illness did he revert to them, and never ceased to manifest an anxious interest in them to the close of his life.

“Much more ought to be said concerning Mr. Taylor's influence in College; but it is very difficult to estimate either its extent or its strength. That it was deep, pervading, and hallowing, is known to all who came under its power; while the pleasantries which enlivened his daily intercourse with the students, gave to that influence a charm peculiarly its own. A man of loving spirit, having great sympathy with human nature, guided by clearness of head and singleness of heart—no wonder that his influence over the students was great, and that it was exercised in such a way as to make him greatly beloved.

“By the staff of teachers in the College, with most of whom he had been associated for nearly twenty years, Mr. Taylor was highly valued and

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esteemed. His uniform courtesy, coupled with his lively humour, made their daily intercourse with him most attractive; and the remembrance of his many acts of kindness, and of love, will never cease to endear his memory to them.

“In his correspondence with the Teachers of schools, Mr. Taylor took a very lively interest, and he entered into this department of his labour with all the zeal of his self-denying and generous nature. Owing to the number of his correspondents, his replies were, for the most part, necessarily short; but they were always appropriate and sufficient, and never failed to show personal sympathy for the worker, and an intimate acquaintance with the difficulties of his work. But he did not confine himself to the bare requirements of an official routine. To those who were in circumstances of special difficulty or discouragement he was wont to address longer letters, sparing neither time nor strength that he might speak ‘a word in season to him that was weary.’ In such letters he delighted to dwell on the best methods to be adopted for the conversion and Christian training of young children,—a work on which his heart was set, and the obstacles and encouragements to which he so well knew. These letters were very highly valued. To many they were like wells of water, and not a few still continue to draw from them renewed comfort and strength.

“The estimate which the teachers themselves put upon Mr. Taylor’s labours was clearly shown when, to their surprise and grief, his health gave way, and he was compelled to resign his office. In the course of a few weeks they raised a very liberal fund for the express purpose of placing in the College a marble bust as a permanent memorial of him, expressive of their gratitude for his services, and of their love to himself. The bust was very successfully executed by Mr. Adams, of Rome, and it now stands in the Normal College, Westminster, beside that of the much-lamented Principal, with whom he had so long and so harmoniously laboured. The pedestal bears the inscription, ‘*M. C. Taylor. The gift of Teachers and former Students, 1867.*’\* The very numerous and liberal contributions to the above fund, as also the letters which were addressed to the Treasurer, showed how highly the Teachers valued Mr. Taylor’s labours, and how deeply they grieved over his loss. Every one felt that in losing him he was losing a wise counsellor, a faithful pastor, and a true friend.”

Mr. Taylor’s long and intimate association with the late Principal of the Normal College was a very happy one, and was characterised by most hearty mutual affection and esteem. Probably no one valued more highly than did his most intimate

\* The engraving prefixed to the present volume is taken from this bust.

colleague, Mr. Scott's profound practical wisdom, his great kindness of heart, and his genuine, unaffected piety; whilst Mr. Scott confided entirely in Mr. Taylor, and entrusted to him the most weighty affairs, frequently and generously acknowledging the advantage which he derived from the wise counsels, and unflagging diligence of his friend.

They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in death they were not long divided. And now, almost side by side, their mortal parts repose in the same quiet resting-place at Norwood, awaiting the sound of that Voice which shall unite them for ever in the presence of the Master whom they both loved so well.

The following letters, addressed to Teachers of Schools, are here inserted to show the interest which the writer took in their work; and with the hope that they may prove of service to other Teachers, who may be placed in circumstances similar to those to which they owe their origin.

*To Mr. Joseph Moulton, of Castle-Donington.*

*" Westminster, September 14th, 1852.*

MY DEAR SIR,

I should have answered yours before had it not been for the delicacy and difficulty of your subject.

My views coincide with what I believe is the doctrine of the Glasgow system,—that the way to

deal with refractory scholars is not to expel, but cure them. I would not say a child should in no case be expelled; but that seldom or never will a child need this extreme measure if proper methods are employed to govern and subdue.

The chief methods are these: the public sentiment of the school being turned against the misconduct, on a trial by jury,—and private exhortation and prayer. The only incident of the kind here that has come under notice is the following:—

One of our masters came to me and the Head-Master a short time ago, saying one of his boys *must* be expelled for playing truant almost constantly, and for general offences;—urging a message from the mother of two other children that her boys should be taken away if this lad was not.

Mr. Sugden said: ‘If you expel, you admit that your system has failed,—can do no good in this instance.’ The master reluctantly consented that the boy should remain for a time, and we promised to see him. We each took him aside, and prayed with him, I believe. And from that day he has been punctual, orderly, and diligent. I should have said that one awkward peculiarity of the case was, that the boy’s snare and stumbling-block was an abandoned, drunken mother.

The conclusion with me is, that if *pains* be taken,

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suitable pains, your topic would become a point rather of speculation than practice.

I am, yours affectionately,

M. C. TAYLOR."

"*Mount, York, August 20th, 1858.*

W. F. M. had no numbers at the July examination lower than the highest,—a rank in which he stood alone. . . . Your nephew's modesty appears equal to his ability."

"*Mount, York, August 23d, 1864.*

I congratulate you on the fame your name is acquiring in the hands of so many of your nephews and cousins,—Moultons and Fiddians."

Letters to Mr. Watts.

"*Westminster, October 8th, 1863.*

. . . Give these praying children plenty to do and think about. Expect them to do arithmetic better than the others. A child quickly loses or gains religion. The more *practical, devout, and intelligent* their religion can be made, the more likely to be permanent."

"*Westminster, April 21st, 1864.*

I am not surprised, though sorry, to hear of your health being in danger. Please learn that without health you are without power; and that

when health is sacrificed it is rarely that the self-immolation is appreciated."

"February 10th, 1864.

What do you think *the* want of Sunday-schools is? I think it is,—Religious Select Classes, without regard to age."

To Mr.— B—.

"October 19th, 1858.

. . . Are you in earnest when you ask advice about marrying? If you are, I would say, make true religious principle and good sense indispensable requisites. Love is a poor thing without confidence and respect. God's favour in this matter is favour indeed. We shall be most glad to hear that you *do well* for yourself when you marry."

"July 8th, 1857.

Always beg pardon for delay in writing, but never for writing long."

"February 4th, 1861.

MY DEAR SIR,

We heartily congratulate you on all Downing-Street honours conferred on you and J. Garbutt. You deserve them, and may therefore rightfully enjoy them.

But, with you, we are still more pleased with these tokens of the working of the Lord the Spirit. The comfort of seeing and feeling that we have an

Almighty Co-Worker is unspeakable. Then, these things are to whet your desire, and to train you for greater things.

Yours very truly,
M. C. TAYLOR."

Letter to Mr. Dalton, Salford.

"Training College, June 8th, 1861.

MY DEAR SIR,

You do good when you tell of God's mercy, as well as when you are a co-worker with it.

'My few country appointments : ' I had forgotten you preached. Unless you think of the Ministry are you not doing too much, as to the *kinds* of work? Is it not time you played a little of the general? It is a good thing for a soldier to fight all day for his country; but it is better to direct the fighting of ten or twenty soldiers, especially if they learn from us, and live to fight when we have passed away. May God enrich you with lowly, fervent, love, and endow you with wisdom and power.

Yours very truly,
M. C. TAYLOR."

To Mr. Slack.

*"Wesleyan Training College, Westminster,
November 25th, 1861.*

MY DEAR SIR,

This is great kindness to give us such good news.

I dare say I should have done as you did, had I been with you. Yet, at a distance, I am cooler, if not wiser. I query whether if the school-routine had been insisted on for duty's sake you would not have found the gracious feeling had been deepened and confirmed by the apparent delay. To teach the children to look up for God's blessing whilst doing His will in learning their lessons,—and then pour out their hearts in direct prayer during *their own* time,—the play hour,—would have some advantages in relation to parents, the world, and the children themselves.

Forgive this remark, and take it for what it is worth.

As to the future :—

1. Form at once a Select Class. Adults need the 'class;' much more do children, and yet they also need a little variety and elasticity as to mode. Constant questions as to experience simply, are not wise or profitable at that immature age. Variations are suggested in the following remarks.

2. Fresh feeling is to be created and fostered by fresh truth. In the class, and out of it, let them frequently hear new and farther views of the things of God. This will promote the right kind of feeling, and will keep all feeling right.

3, And not least. Direct all knowledge and emotion into the channel of holy living. This is the gracious design in both these previous gifts.

Excitement will be safe, healthy, and most valuable when turned into this course. Get a frivolous child to be attentive; an impulsive boy to be patient; an irascible youth to be gentle; a selfish soul to be generous, *for Christ's sake*; let arithmetic and grammar be better done, *for conscience's sake*; and you will lay your foundations so deep that they will last for a life.

And unless means of this kind are used, the religion of children is often as readily lost as it is gained. Antinomianism is as strong a natural tendency in them as in adults; and added to this is the thoughtlessness which is peculiar to the period of early life.

Yours very truly,

M. C. TAYLOR."

Letter to Miss L——, New-Wortley.

"Westminster, September 25th, 1861.

DEAR MISS L——,

Yours was delivered yesterday. I hope your own views of your health will be realized. 'No greater help to this can be had than that quiet cheerfulness and ease which the assurance that we are Christ's gives. There is much grace for you. O, seek the whole of it! and aim at being very holy. Then our heavenly Lord will take care of our comfort, and make us very happy.

Yours affectionately,

M. C. TAYLOR."

To Miss E——

“*Westminster, April 5th, 1858.*

You will be able now to look on a goodly number of your former charge who have grown up to youth's estate at least. We hope the survey in many cases is a very gratifying one. The seed may often be wasted; but, when some springs up, it proves the sowing. A teacher may not be responsible for failure, and yet be entitled to the satisfaction of *all* the success.”

“*May 19th, 1860.*

We have special joy in the spiritual power of our old students, because their health is the life of many.”

“*September 24th, 1862.*

Your last sentence shows to me that you hide your light under a bushel at ——. I suspect you are little known, because you will not *make* yourself known. Is all the fault on the part of the —— friends? Imagine yourself enriched with much more grace! Would not this overcome some of your natural and reasonable scruples, showing a more excellent way than even nature and reason would suggest?”

To Mr. Mackrell, Tebworth, Leighton-Buzzard.

“*Westminster, S.W., July 19th, 1864.*

MY DEAR SIR,

We are most glad to hear of your welfare from yourself, and also from others.

Tebworth and the school are not large, but try to make them as 'a city set on a hill.' Your position places you in some respects at the head of the work of God in the village. Have you sat down to count *how much* you can do in quickening and saving the people?

Yours very truly,

M. C. TAYLOR."

"Westminster, September 10th, 1864.

MY DEAR SIR,

In visiting, "a word of prayer," when practicable, will be better remembered than anything else. In conducting Bible-Classes, the more the pupils can be induced to do for themselves, the better.

Yours very truly,

M. C. TAYLOR."

Letters addressed to Miss M——.

"Westminster, May 26th, 1862.

DEAR MISS ——,

I rely on your good sense and good feeling to read this to your profit.

1. Miss —— has brought great scandal on us and her Local Committee by her altercations with Miss ——. This makes her Committee properly sensitive about the disposition of the next Teacher.

2. Having nothing to judge from but your

letters, they are alarmed lest Miss M—— should prove a Miss ——. I cannot blame them. The style of your first letter was not agreeable. The same thing might have been put pleasantly. As it was, it read,—highly-tighty. The writing (a second time) in the third person, was, too, unfortunate under the circumstances. This is the *distant* style.

3. I have assured them, however, you have simply done your true temper injustice by these things; and Mr. F—— will probably call on you to-morrow.

How does 'self-conquest' get on?

Yours affectionately,

M. C. TAYLOR."

"Committee, Thursday Afternoon.

MY DEAR MISS ——,

I am not surprised at your sensible dealing with my remarks; yet I am gratified and thankful.

Now,—never again do yourself injustice by saying what first comes upon the surface. The cream of your utterances does *not* lie at the top. It is unwise ever to presume on the charity of those who don't know us, or even on the charity of some who do know us. We should write,—not merely what may be understood as we wish, but what cannot be understood otherwise.

Now for a happy, merry, successful course at ——.

Yours very truly,

M. C. TAYLOR."

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 “ *Westminster, January 15th, 1863.*”

DEAR MISS —,

. . . Monotony is a good thing to provoke observation as well as thought. When we *fix* our eyes on the monotonous life of a village, a new world of human nature, and external scenery opens before us.

With kind regards,

Yours very truly,

M. C. TAYLOR.”

“ *April 30th, 1863.*”

I have not a word to say against village gossip. Gossip is a vital element for this mortal state; and to me a very pleasant one. But you began your letter by proposing to ignore it; and it was *this* that struck me when I saw how you were driven to descend from so celestial a height.

‘Isolation.’ I hope this does not mean that you cultivate no intercourse outside your own house. Yet I fear it may mean this. If it does, you are *graciously* reprovèd by this self-inflicted sense of loneliness. Surely there is some one whom you might be benefiting every week. ‘Willing to communicate’ is a Christian style of character,—to be cultivated if necessary.”

“ *October 28th, 1863.*”

Do you mean you were expecting to hear of

your appointment? If so, you are wrong in our almanack by a month.

To do these things by piecemeal would worry the flesh off our bones. At the same time I see nothing to object to your K . . . wish."

"November 16th, 1863.

I put the query I did, because I supposed an old (D——) acquaintance was maintained. Was it your *will*, too, that broke *that*? You worship this will of yours very heroically."

"January 19th, 1864.

Why should you speak of Mr. —— being 'gracious?' You still keep all the world at arm's length I fear; or, at least, you are not perfect."

"April 13th, 1864.

There is power in circumstances,—but not such as to overpower man, and not such as to match the power of his own will. Circumstances were designed to be our servants. What relation they actually hold—servants, equals, or masters—depends on ourselves, and therefore indicate our character.

Besides one-half our circumstances—perhaps nine-tenths—are literally and truly our own creation. A certain Miss M—— has shaped her own course, and will do so still."



The letters which next follow are taken from Mr. Taylor's correspondence with various friends during his association with the College at Westminster :—

*“ The Green, [Stoke Newington]*

*Saturday, 6.30 a.m.,*

*September 13th, 1851.*

MY DEAR GEDEN,

Hoping you may receive this to-night, I will try to satisfy my desire to write you. I have often thought how tempted you might be to say I did not sympathise in your new anxieties as I did not write. But I have sympathised often and deeply; and should have written much sooner, had I not each day looked for more leisure to-morrow.

I felt very pleased that you wrote twice, and that your last was so long and letter-like. If we cannot talk let us write, and Newcastle will not be so outlandish. Your letters, unfortunately, are at the ‘Normal Institution, Westminster,’—(which, if you please, will be my address). But I remember how you spoke of your feelings of trembling and desire for the future. The one sermon a week will be easily managed. I found it best usually to settle the text and outline on Sunday night when unable to sleep,—jot it down on Monday morning, revolve round and round it during the week, and then a whole Friday sufficed. When suffered to encroach

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on a late hour of Saturday night, it was a heavy mental and spiritual incubus.

One great advantage of a pastoral charge is that some particular want of your flock will always be yearning within you for a supply of truth and grace. It is of little use, however, saying what will spontaneously occur to you. The following may not. — says he has found it necessary for vigour and comfort to observe a seventh day as one of rest. I wish devoutly I had heard this counsel at Hastings. You hear it in time. It is invaluable, as the neglect of it will soon make you feel.

I am settling down after some days of confusion and excitement. Already I am well occupied from 10 to 4, and could easily fill up two or three hours more every day if I chose. But the six are quite sufficient. Indeed, I have not yet got hold of a sure way of counteraction to the influence of pen and ink pursuits. I feel this morning very much beneath the spirit of Sabbath preparation. I must seize more resolutely the 'vacant hours,' and fill them up to greater profit, or the M. C. T. of the next three years will be the M. C. T. of the past three."

"Montalto Cottage, Ventnor,

Thursday, p.m.,

November 27th, 1851.

MY DEAR GEDEN,

I know of nothing which has arisen to becloud

our sky but the impression or suspicion that you are still laid aside by illness. . . . A line to set the matter at rest will be most welcome.

Our cards would acquaint you with our marriage on the 19th. We stayed at Winchester that night,—partly for the sake of the Cathedral,—and came here this day week. *You* would have been written to long before to-day, but the remarkably fine weather has given us such busy employment that I have had no leisure before this evening.

Having attained the end of worldly wishes, I seem cast the more directly on things of Heaven. There is nothing now to come between my hope and *that* crown. But though desire is in this sense unfettered, it is not necessarily elevated. None but the *Divine* Spirit can raise this mortal heart. O how I want His quickening impulse!

Father, Mother, and John, were at our wedding, which passed off very quietly and agreeably. From them I learned you had been very poorly, and this has been a burden I have carried with me to this place. Relieve me, pray."

" *Westminster, January 15th, 1852.*

MY DEAR GEDEN,

I am very pleased you have begun a Bible-Class. I offer you a remark volunteered also to Hellier. There should be a class,—easy, attractive enough to win the *many* of your young people into the good

and right way. Biblical study should be the primary aim of one class, but there needs to be another, whose 'final cause' shall be beguiling and saving our precious youth.

You know I prepared very little; and so I was tempted, I suppose, to encourage conversation. I had no difficulty in repressing vagrancies; and always felt when a good conversation was attainable and was going on, that this was one of the best modes of conducting such a class. Congratulate yourself much if you have any who will *think*, and then *talk*. . . . Mary was very anxious I should write in December, and arrange for you to stay with us on your way to Maidstone, but I felt sure you would not come this way just yet. *Our home, however, is yours whenever you come.* That is a settled fact.

. . . It is a consolation to look on our forty students in the class-room and at table, and feel myself blessed with the opportunity of doing good to thousands through these forty. I would not hastily exchange places with any one. How I should like to talk over Dr. Chalmers' life, and Isaac Taylor's strange book, with you. The latter especially. *We* have been wont to speculate freely about Methodism, and here is a book outstripping our wanderings far. It will be an instructive book if we are willing to make it so; though containing most unpardonable errors, most false and mischievous statements."

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" *South Lambeth,*

*Monday, p.m.,*

*February 7th, 1853.*

MY DEAR GEDEN,

Your goodness is irresistible. If you had not written I should have yielded to the call of arrears of education scribbling; but all must give way now. I cannot withstand such an appeal. Perhaps you would think worse of me than you do, if you knew the urgencies of Mary night by night for some weeks past. But I could not help it. That at least is my belief.

I have little recollection of December, except the Examination by Morell,—our breaking up,—and the admission of twenty-three new students. It was an exciting, busy month.

In January I re-wrote John i. 40; read Uncle Tom (at last); Trench on the 'Study of Words,'—a very suggestive book on a topic new to *me*; a volume of Arnold's Sermons, not *over* evangelical, but beautifully simple, and attractively exhibiting his own manly practical religion; with articles in Reviews, including a good historical one on Inspiration in the 'North British.'

I am very glad that I have now the prospect of systematic exercises with the students. When Mr. Scott is absent, I and Mr. Hirst (alternately) meet them on Sabbath mornings; Mr. Hirst's topic being our Lord's parables; mine His miracles; and on

Monday mornings, from nine to a quarter past ten, I am expected always to take Mr. Scott's place. [Mr. Scott was then President of the Conference.] I have chosen for this latter time "Bible Interpretation,"—intending to dwell on the principle and general rules, and then on the special rules for certain portions, after the plan, in the main, of Hartwell Horne; though I cannot help trying to make his order more logical than he has left it. (Did you never think him very heavy for this reason?) When seventy students are waiting on your lips, it makes even me *feel*, and I wish I could do them more good. Forgive this preference of personal topics. To your letters.

*February 4th.* 'Isaac Taylor' makes one glisten. Geden reading I. T.! Pray what? I wish you had said a little about your Lecture on Language. . . . Will you believe that I have lately bought some books? G. Herbert's Poems, Morell's History of Philosophy, and Upham's Interior Life. This last at H——'s urgent entreaty. Have just finished it. Am disappointed with his exposition of the *process* of Entire Holiness; style too dogmatic and Finney-like, and substance not a little unsound in my notion,—more Morisonian than scriptural. But in the development of entire holiness he becomes interesting, and this part of his book is valuable."

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"Lansdown-Road, North,
Monday Morning, June 13th, 1853.

MY DEAR GEDEN,

I hardly know what I have been doing for the past two or three months, except that I have been constantly employed. Our Government Inspection at this season, and Mr. Scott's frequent, almost continuous, absence, an admission of twenty students, etc., have occurred as extra occupations. Only one portion of the employment seems to have been for myself,—the Sabbath and Monday morning exercise with the students. With eighty or ninety embryo teachers before me I have felt at length stirred up to work. The work is to read Watson, and Jackson's Lectures, and then throw *one* doctrine into *one* lecture if possible. The Lecture is read at the end of the hour and-a-quarter allotted,—occupying from fifteen to twenty minutes,—the earlier portion of time being occupied with 'revising' the topic of the previous week,—endeavouring, by questioning, to ascertain and secure that all understand as we proceed. The task is a very refreshing one. (A cloud of—some forty—letters has just come in, and I must hasten on.)

Our May Meeting was to me remarkable, because two of the chief speakers were your Richmond contemporaries. I did not get to speak to Punshon or Robinson.

I feel the damage of this constant occupation,

mentally and spiritually. I have read little or nothing save 'Minutes of Council,' and as to religious exercises, they have been very much confined to the Sabbath and the Class-room. I do hope when Mr. S. becomes *Ex-P.* I shall have more leisure. I question deeply at times whether I ought not to seek a Circuit? What do you think on this head?"

"*South Lambeth, October 17th, 1853.*

MY DEAR GEDEN,

. . . Of Manchester I know very little, and shall be glad to have your generalising when I can see you, and can chat it all over. I *should* like to see you in Oxford-Road pulpit. . . . Now for a first-rate Bible-Class! Mr. Osborn and Mr. Barrett had them, —and *you* would succeed very well this winter.

Do you have *any* leisure? Can you read at all? What has become of Bopp?

. . . . I have been thinking lately I am very cold in things sacred. I appear to preach and pray *so* unworthily. And yet I have a deeper sense of what I owe to our students at least. I am either hindering or helping them whenever I meet with them. What a mystery I am, to believe so much and do so little."

"*Home, Friday, p.m.*

December 9th, 1853.

MY DEAR GEDEN,

It is the last of the days you allow, and I *must*

write. You may perhaps have gathered from Mr. A——, that I have been very “poorly;” but I am better. It is the trouble and excitement of providing for forty schools and forty teachers at this season that fidgets me.

For some time I have not been able to do anything else but business of this kind. Happy Geden! who can read ‘scholarly and vigorous exposition.’ But I am happy too,—for so long as I am here this is my work; allotted, I trust, by the same Master. But do I *go through* it *for* Him? I have asked this lately, and wondered at the amount of Christian service I have sometimes done with so little of the Christian motive. ‘I do it for *Thee*,’ would make any life lovely and glorious; would make *my* life much happier and holier. I have prayed for this as a continual exercise.

How very refreshing and stirring to witness the operation of the Almighty Spirit on your congregations! One conversion, when we stand by and see it, watch it for days afterwards, and *see* whenever we meet the subject, is worth, for solid satisfaction of one’s reason, a score volumes of man’s works on ‘Evidences.’ We are in contact with a direct creation of God, and the spectacle fills us with faith and love.”

“*Pavement, York, January 11th, 1855.*”

MY DEAR GEDEN,

About a fortnight ago, I had a very slight attack

of scarlatina; but it was sufficient to make me an invalid for a week, which, under the circumstances, I found a very pleasant sort of thing. It gave me such an agreeable *taste of home*, that I think I shall see it my duty in future to leave early in the afternoon. I commit the manners of the students to H. French, Esq., B.A., of Taunton, one of our new Masters. The perception of this duty was very much clarified whenever Mary had to go out and leave *me* alone:—it was very wearisome. . . . Really, if I ever study again,—(you will smile at the ‘again,’)—in my way, I mean, it must be Education; I think I seem committed to it,—I ought to know all about it,—I know *very* little, and I don’t see why I should not give myself to it as much as you to Hermeneutics. By Education, I intend,—1. The course of study pursued by our students; 2. Public Education and Church Education, in their principles and modes. What do you say? By dint of *sticking* at it every night for some months, I have no arrears, and I don’t intend to have any in future. If I effect this, I shall often, I *hope*, have evenings for reading.

What a difference between my life, and yours and Hellier’s! And yet I enjoy it, and am content with it.”

“*Westminster, August 28th, 1855.*”

MY DEAR GEDEN,

. . . We greatly enjoyed our visit to your happy

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home, and shall talk of it for a long time to come. I think I intimated that as I grew older my heart seems to grow softer. I *feel* more than I used to do, feel more obligation to others, more love for others, meaning you and a *few* more. And so the pain of parting is greater.

Well, I do intend, as Mary enjoins, that I will *show* more friendliness by writing oftener. If I write briefly and gossipingly accept the fact of writing as a pledge of sympathy. Having seen you, I shall notice what you say about your health. I am a little concerned, though I look to the August of 1856 [when Mr. Geden became Classical Tutor at Didsbury] as the inauguration of a long and happy relief, if not of rest.

The only drawback on our visit was that it was too short. I had a world to say, and it has been left unsaid. One thing I wished to have discussed,—the supreme importance of an *effective* ministry; that which actually *adds* to the faith, joy, and obedience of many. I feel this life is a *very* vain thing; and that things which abide are the only things worth caring for. Men pass away so quickly that hardly any other office than that of saving them into eternal life appears important enough to be attended to. And all this makes me ashamed of hastily-prepared, carelessly-delivered messages on sacred things. This has been my mood of late."

“Westminster, June 2d, 1856.

MY DEAR GEDEN,

. . . Every one thinks you are fitted for Didsbury. Hellier and I certainly do. You will be happy there—and useful, too, in many ways. I hope to see you duly installed by vote at Bristol. . . . I want, too, to make you listen to my Home-Mission hobby. As you may influence others, I will give you the substance of this. *Have a lay organization for collecting.* I believe this is *the* reason why we get £119,000 for Foreign-Missions, instead of £19,000, and that lay agency and sympathy are *the* reasons why Lancashire raises such enormous sums for Sunday-schools. I believe the want of this is *the* reason why we have such small contributions to everything else. I believe further that the adoption or omission of this mode of working will decide whether we shall raise for Home-Missions, £50,000 or £15,000. *Public Meetings*, without lay organization, will fail, as they have done at Leeds; the first being the best, the next, second best, the last, poor. A Public Meeting that belongs to everybody, belongs to nobody; and will always be looked upon as interfering with ‘my meeting’ of the Trustee, Tract Distributor, School Teacher, etc., etc. *Private Subscriptions*, if devolved on the Minister, will be confined to single guineas, and to the single-guinea class. If the Minister have to get in the

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 moneys, *no layman will ever think of asking another for a subscription.* This must be a wrong state of things.

Are you converted? If so, convert P. and J. H. If not; give your objections or difficulties. I feel very strongly on the matter; the more, perhaps, as I see how other educating bodies are profiting by the adoption of a principle which we overlook to our loss. The principle may be put in two words; it grows out of one thing,—but that a strong, uniform, universal thing,—human nature.”

Letters to Mrs. T. W. Stead (formerly of Egremont, now of Southport.)

“*Mount, York, August 17th, 1857.*”

MY DEAR MRS. STEAD,

. . . Yesterday and to-day, I have again and again discovered myself at Church-Street, Egremont. Harry, and Sarah, and baby, and others I see frequently, and hope to do for some time to come. I think I could live over again the events of each day I was there, without much effort of memory.”

“*Westminster, February 20th, 1862.*”

MY DEAR MRS. STEAD,

I cannot say how sad I was to see that announcement in the ‘Watchman’ of your great grief. This envelope I addressed a few days afterwards, and I have waited,—in vain—for a little leisure to give expression to my sympathy. Of course, I

know nothing of preceding circumstances, and can only hope that your distress was not increased by the sickness being very sudden or very painful. I cannot help feeling that you must have been well-nigh heart-broken,—hardly in a state to listen to any thoughts other than your own. Even then, however, God has access to our spirits; He ‘delighteth in mercy.’ His consolations are as vast as His greatness, for He is the *God* of all comfort, and exercises His Kingly sway equally in telling ‘the number of the stars,’ and ‘healing the broken in heart.’ (Psalm cxlvii.)

I will trust, then, that you have had special help in this hour of bereavement, and have proved that it is even good to be afflicted.

And when I turn to the future the sky brightens, and there is the clear shining of the sun after rain. In coming years you, and therefore, yours, will be great gainers by this fiery trial. Some striking advantage, some precious gift, some abounding grace, is surely treasured up in such an affliction. The more heavily you have been smitten, the more confidently may you rely on soon recognising in this stroke both the wisdom and love of our Father who is in Heaven.

My wife unites with me in affectionate and sorrowing regard,

Yours very sincerely,

M. C. TAYLOR.”

“ Westminster, February 1st, 1859.

MY DEAR GEDEN,

. . . The general thought and feeling of late weeks has been, the rapid rate at which *my* life is passing. People are parents who were not born when I was grown up; and when as many years shall have flown by from this time, as have fled since our Richmond days, (of yesterday,) I shall have turned *fifty*. Yes, *fifty*; and I shall be retiring from the field before I have begun to occupy it,—unless I am in earnest soon. You have nothing to do with this disagreeable sequence; but do you know anything of the premises?

Another fact of the same class—Students come to us now in numbers, who have been wholly trained (for the Pupil-Teacher term) by those who were *students here* a few years ago! This makes me feel there is good to be done here on an indefinitely multiplying scale.

. . . Now for a little mosaic of bits suggested by your three prized letters. Yours of December made me feel you were no wiser yet. I was angry that you were working so hard. There is this motive to prudence: I believe we get no thanks for *excessive* industry and pains.

Yours of January 10: ‘Sore chest’—served right. You do wrong to tax yourself as you do. Graduating would be a good, I think; and I believe John Wesley would soon have ruled that it was.”

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"March 29th, 1859.

MY DEAR GEDEN,

We spent last Friday with Hellier. He and Moulton are busy about the matriculation affair. The fathers shrink, but had they been students at an Institution, they would have better understood the moral power of hard work, even at Cicero or Chemistry. I fervently hope the project will be carried. With what grace *he* writes about 'hard work!'

Going through Matthew with our students I have been led, by the conclusion of chapter iii. and the opening of chapter iv., to ask, What the Holy Spirit *did* for the Lord Christ? The more I inquire, the more forcibly does the answer appear to come from many Scriptures,—everything for His human nature, during His public life at least; and that our Lord did *not* call in aid His own Divine prerogative and resources. The birth, teaching, miracles, death, resurrection of the Son of man are all ascribed by the Book to the Holy Spirit. I should very much like to talk over the subject with you. I can see no objection but novelty,—which I confess is rather grave. But it may not be novel. At all events, I think the view is as old as the times of Isaiah and Paul. If it be so, our Lord's whole work on earth becomes more real, more human, more intelligible; and the Father and the Holy Spirit appear as actual agents in the one great work of redemption in a way



which is inadmissible on the supposition that our Lord fell back on His own Divine nature for all supernatural service.\*

“ *Westminster, June 24, 1859.*

MY DEAR GEDEN,

. . . I have sent for Rigg's book to-day. The idea of a book in common to discuss is a very agreeable one. . . . I was at the Geological Society's Meeting on Tuesday for three hours. Won't this make you laugh, and do your swollen face good ?”

“ *Westminster, October 30th, 1859.*

MY DEAR GEDEN,

The great revival is gathering o'er ‘*all the thirsty land*’ is it not? Good tidings reach us from several schools and many Circuits. But—Mrs. *Palmer!* well, her theme is *the* fault of us all; her addresses are hitting *the* nail (a more classical phrase does not occur). If any person—or company—can be persuaded to exercise themselves in ‘entire consecration,’ a great revival has been already wrought, and the power of a great revival is carried about in daily life. It is the most philosophic, comprehensive, lasting basis of a revival that we can conceive.

\* This topic is discussed more fully in a paper given as an Appendix to this Volume.

It has been a great happiness to witness some prelusive drops of the shower in some recent services."

"Westminster, January 31st, 1860.

MY DEAR GEDEN,

. . . I think of the services you describe with pleasure. My pleasure is qualified by recollecting the unfortunate notions on this subject which are current among our people, and which will soon hinder or harass those whose hearts are filled with love,—the notions, I mean, which sever sanctification from all former religious life, and tempt these persons to think they have received a *new* nature,—are *other* and higher *beings* than they ever were before. The first rude shock of temptation or difficulty undeceives them; and *then* is the danger. They too often lapse into scepticism about the 'fulness of blessing;' or, what is worse, for shame's sake adhere to the profession whilst condemned by misgiving about the truth of what they say.

Mortal pen cannot describe how much we gained by John Wesley's definiteness of thought. But just as human nature abuses St. Paul's doctrine of grace, so it perverts the logical, sharp outlines of the uninspired man. It disjoins, isolates, turns into stiff petrifications, the orderly collocations and connections of spiritual things. The justified man, many hold, is under no obligation to live without sin, and is not meet for heaven! Who shall rebuke

these libels on our Founder? The damage to our people is,—enormous. How I wish I could *talk* with you! The subject brings John Hunt to mind. It was a means of grace, indeed, to read that book. Its publication is a mercy to the Connexion. Preaching often, of late, from 2 Cor. vii. 1,—and thinking of Hunt,—and looking at what is required of *us* in these revival days, I have come—Do you know?—to Mrs. Palmer's great point, so far as I remember her book;—the *duty* of offering myself constantly, immediately, fully to God. It is a simple, practical point; but I feel there is great saving wisdom in it. . . .

We have one hundred and twenty-six students: reopened last week, and I began 'Romans' with them this morning. I wish I could tell you, face to face, all the odd things I venture to pronounce before the students. Your conservatism would be taxed. This morning I got them into a *good talk*, for an hour, on these questions:—Relation of Epistles to Gospels; Why the revelations of the Epistles withheld until after Pentecost; equality of Epistles with Gospels in authority; Why Paul made an Apostle rather than an Evangelist, like Titus. Anything that will freshen their interest and lead them to think. On the last point I said—1. To hide pride from the twelve; 2. To show God's independence of externalism, and any set order; 3, and mainly, To give an Apostle *to the world*, as He *had* given twelve

to His ancient Church. No doubt all I announce, so far as it is true, might be found in Stuart, or some simpler book. But it is pleasant to eschew books when one has no time to read them, and go and talk *out* one's own notions."

" *Westminster, April 5th, 1860.*

MY DEAR GEDEN,

. . . Spurgeon I heard for the first time on Sunday morning, to my great delight. A *mass* of three thousand, hearing a stirring, earnest, devout, impassioned, simple, gospel sermon. He gave a strong impression of being moved by true zeal for the souls of men.

Gladstone and Disraeli I heard too for the first time, last week. It was a memorable gratification,—the thoughtful, practical, persuasive strain of the first; and the burning, taunting, passionate strain of the second."

*Extract of letter addressed to John Lidgett, Esq.,\* on the death of his father.*

" *June, 1861.*

How sorry I am to learn that personal illness to some extent is, in your case, now added to your heavy family affliction. Yet it is so instinctive to believe in the rallying power of manhood in its prime that I am all the while thinking that you

\* Since deceased.

cannot be 'very ill,' or at least that you will soon throw off the attack, and forget it.

Not so, however, as to the sorrow that will make this day memorable. That will remain; the recollection of all its scenes of pain, of patience, of the shadow of death, and of light at eventide, being sharply cut within. All that others can say seems vain when such a burden presses, and yet friends cannot resist saying something, though it be as nothing. It was surely gracious towards you that sickness was continued until you all became desirous that death should not be delayed. Providence alone could so have overcome nature in you; and it did,—quickly and quietly.

Then these expressions of peace and joy in believing are precious, and will be fresh and fragrant years hence. And now there is the general, the wide-spread regret for a common loss, sympathy with you and yours, and no slight admiration of the virtues of him whose passing away *many* mourn to-day.

M. C. T."

*To the Rev. Theophilus Chubb, B.A.*

*"Hazlewood, Yorkshire,*

*August 21st, 1861.*

MY DEAR BROTHER,

I am not willing the post should go out without a line on the great subject your letter introduces.

Surprised I am not. It is what I have long and often thought. But interested, pleased, grateful to God, I am. You have done right in unburdening your conscience to Mr. Vasey, and giving your impression a fair trial and test. You would have done wrong if, under the circumstances, you had not done as you have. You will soon have light to see the next step, whatever that may be.

As to Tuesday, it will be a good preparation,

1. To think not so much of preaching, as of instructing, edifying, benefitting the people;—not so much of the means as of the end. This will promote self-possession.

2. See that you are master of your sermon,—its *course* and *parts*,—just as of the demonstration of a problem. You will then be less careful about *words*; and being less careful, be more likely to command the words you wish.

We will pray in Scarbro' when you are at Leyton. I think you have heard me say that my first essay at preaching was a very buoyant, joyous, *lengthened* exercise,—just because I was a captive let out of prison.

With our warmest sympathy and love,

Your affectionate Brother,

COULSON."

*To the same.*

"Westminster, November 28th, 1862.

MY DEAR THEO.

— has left us to day. Her coming has done

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her good many ways. The last week or so she has been quite natural and cheerful, and has almost unlearned her odd ways. But her coming has made a clear and strong impression on *me*. I am satisfied her ailment is not physical or mental, except so far as the mental is governed by what I name next. The disease is purely moral,—and it is that old, hereditary, universal plague of us all, *pride*. She loves to think herself *different* from others, because of her questioning spirit; and is willing even to be thought, and to think herself *morbid*, if this only means, strong peculiarity. The gravest feature of the pride is the notion of her *great* conscientiousness—that she is scrupulous where ‘good people’ rush on without thought. My feeling is confirmed by her virtual assent to its correctness. The last few days I have told her what I thought very plainly, and have declined on principle to discuss her curious questions, sometimes ridiculing, and sometimes rebuking them;—and pointing out,

1. How our Lord and St. Paul dealt with such ‘disputations.’

2. How it was an obvious device of Satan to divert her from undoubted, prime duties. Of course, in words, she denied all fault, or rather alleged it to be a rare excellence. But I *felt* she was convinced by her own consciousness that pride was the secret of her strange habits. The two things I tried to urge were, coming to Christ so as to receive Him

and rejoice in Him,—and caring for others, both at home and without.

Yours ever,

COULSON."

Letters to his sister,—Mrs. Coulson :—

" Westminster, February 13th, 1863.

MY DEAR SISTER,

. . . Whether well or ill, the Word grows more golden and sterling, the older we get. Other books seem trifling unless they discuss *this*. One reason probably is, that our eyes are opened, and we see new beauty and blessedness not in one chapter, but in all chapters."

" Westminster, March 12th, 1863.

MY DEAR SISTER,

Last Sunday I was at Brixton, and did not preach any better because of the sight on Saturday. *Then*, Mary and I had good seats at Mr. Ingle's, and saw everything well. The Princess looks better than the photographs—a very lively, sharp, sensible-looking girl.

On Tuesday afternoon I took Mary to see London Bridge. But the crush at times was great. At night we took our new servant with us, walked some six miles, and saw the illuminations very well. The majority of our friends—Scotts and others—took vans or cabs, and saw nothing. Some got out

and went home. Some could not move until two or three in the morning, and then the lights were put out! So ends another of this world's shows.

I am glad Mr. Stokoe took the subject he did. There is *temptation* often in these anticipations of death. We are not intended to ponder future duties or trials; and the true assurance that we shall have grace for them springs from the feeling that we have grace for such trials or duties as press upon us now. What we shall need then we cannot understand. It is a satisfaction to know that what we need at present and do understand is always given us. The temptation is common, because the adversary sees it is *seasonable* when we are cast down by pain and weakness. But there is comfort even in that; it is *common*,—has been resisted and scattered by tens of thousands.

I am at my Report, from which task I hope to be free when I write next, if spared.

With our love to you and Brother,

Yours ever,

COULSON."

" *Westminster, February 7th, 1863.*

MY DEAR SISTER,

We were very glad to receive yours this morning, wondering how you were, and whether you would write this week or not.

On the whole your account is not so dark as we

feared it might be. The pain has been great, but as compared with the whole week, not of long continuance.

Yet it is this exhaustion, this depression, which follows that is the most difficult thing, I imagine, to bear. Nature turns against us, and grace has to do the whole work of fortitude and patience *alone*.

Among our students we hear of no little family trial and sorrow. And I begin to think that God has long turned away from us what has long fallen on others.

Our dinner at Mr. Scott's was a pleasant affair; old Mr. Jackson was there. . . . I hope you may still get to hear Mr. Rattenbury. . . . Mary is having the Dorcas Meeting on Tuesday. We unite in love to you both,

Your affectionate brother,

COULSON."

"Stockwell, August 28th, 1863.

MY DEAR GEDEN,

. . . I had a bright Conference [at Sheffield], mainly because of a *very* comfortable home at Mr. W. Cockayne's. Mary joined me the last week."

To a former female student. Dated June 7th, 1864.

"Who would ever become a Leader; who would ever learn to pray 'easily,' on your theory, or rather, according to your practice? I suppose Mr. W——

means that if you cultivated Martha's class of virtues, you would then be perfect. Perhaps you are content with your natural *half* of perfection."

To the same ; dated October 31st, 1864.

"Who shall foster, nourish, protect, train, these newly-converted children? All have not praying homes. All have juvenile volatility to fight with and master. I am sure you will yearn over them and do anything you can for them; that is, get them together, and talk with them. Such a service is so simple, natural, unpretending, that I imagine you must like it even at sight."

Letter to Miss S—.

*"3, Royal-Terrace Folkestone,
Sunday Evening, December, 11th, 1864.*

MY DEAR M—

This address and date explain my long silence, and (if necessary) the brevity of this note.

I have been dragging on against nature, until I was fairly stopped. Came here a fortnight ago, unable to do anything, but make my wife a slave by nursing and writing letters. Mr. Mansford, however, came on Tuesday to help. They are both at chapel; and I feel I cannot do better than write you,—if I only knew how.

Thinking of writing you now for several Sundays, (for on week days I have more letters than

are good for me,) I have fallen into a desponding mood about you,—possibly the result, in part, of my want of health; but of that you must judge. I see you are going on, for another year at least, in the old [way]; you will not go to Mr. C——’s class, your mother’s, or any other; and what goes along with all this, though in one sense more important, you are not seeking God with all your heart. I do not say you have declined one iota; you have, I believe, as much good feeling as you have had for many months. I could point to more than one proof. Take an example. The ‘good’ part of your last two letters has consisted of interesting accounts of the sermons you have heard. Grace is upon you, or you would neither listen to such things, or write about them. Still these outlines of sermons you make, as you know, the substitute for answering some plain and close (but I hope right and suitable) questions about yourself. You consciously and studiously shrink from looking these questions in the face. What impression does this feature of your two last letters make? Looking at your history,—thinking of you as the daughter of a Methodist Preacher, and him glorified in Heaven,—I feel you are resisting much conviction, and schooling your mind to a habit of spiritual content, which, apart from the salvation of God, is one of the most pernicious and awful habits a human being can acquire.

Am I right? May God save you with the publican's brokenness of heart. (I have written as much as I ought to-night)."

"Tuesday Morning, December 13th, 1864.

. . . The doctor says my ailment is valvular obstruction, inducing congestion of the lungs, etc. This is my third week. I am much better, for when I came, I was good for nothing; and, as men always are [when ill], very depressed.

Yours affectionately,

M. C. TAYLOR."

CHAPTER V.



LAST DAYS.

“How do Thy mercies close me round !
For ever be Thy Name adored ;
I blush in all things to abound ;
The servant is above his Lord !

“Me for Thine own Thou lov’st to take,
In time and in eternity :
Thou never, never wilt forsake
A helpless worm that trusts in Thee.”

ALTHOUGH Mr. Taylor never enjoyed very robust health, he continued uninterruptedly in the work of his office until near the end of the year 1864. Then for the first time the disease which ultimately proved fatal, developed alarming symptoms. A careful medical examination produced the conviction that although his life might be prolonged for two or three years, permanent recovery was not to be hoped for.

In December, 1864, he went for a few days to Folkestone, returning before the end of the year.

The early part of 1865, from March till the end of June, was spent at Torquay. He was at this time unequal to much physical effort, but his mind retained all its wonted activity ; he still took a deep

interest in educational affairs, and was able to afford valuable counsel in reference to the business of the Normal College. Mr. Scott and the other members of the Education Committee could not quite relinquish the hope that he might return to his duties, and at the Conference of 1865, he was continued in his office as Secretary, an arrangement being made for the conduct of the necessary correspondence by his friend Mr. Bailey of the Normal College.

His friends, the Messrs. Lidgett, very kindly made him the offer of a voyage in one of their vessels, either to the Mediterranean or the East; but, acting on the advice of his physician, Dr. Peacock, he felt obliged to decline it. The period from September 1865 to May 1866, was spent at Ventnor, whence he returned to his own house at South Lambeth, to leave it no more. At the Conference of 1866, all hope of his return to his duties now being abandoned, his name was placed on the list of Supernumeraries, and the Rev. G. W. Olver, B.A., was appointed his successor.

Some of the remarks made in the Education Committee of Review at the Conference of this year, gave him great trouble. Some members of the Committee raised the question whether it was not expedient to appoint a lay Secretary in Mr. Taylor's place. This suggestion caused him more pain than anything that had occurred during the whole period

of his connection with the College, because it made him feel how little the fact was recognised by others that his work at Westminster was above all things else—a “cure of souls.”

In a letter dated, Tuesday Evening, July 24th, 1866, He says: “A lay Secretary! This ‘fly in the ointment’ this morning did not tease me, because I had got used to its appearance. Mr. ——— urged the same thing at our last Committee, on 7th July. Have I spent my days, and I may say, my health, in *secular* work? I think if these gentlemen knew what the work was, they would freely acknowledge it was spiritual and pastoral,—worthy the energies of any minister of Christ. The work is the oversight of this branch of the cause of God,—religious education throughout the Connexion. . . . The theory of *our* schools is, that they exist on religious grounds, first and last; and a minister may, I imagine, well devote his life to an attempt, at least, to realise such a theory. Peter would have remained a fisherman,—a layman,—I suppose, if the commission “Feed My sheep, . . . My lambs,” had not raised him into something else. At least, most persons think these words elevated him above all things secular.”

How fully the pastoral character of Mr. Taylor’s labours was appreciated by all resident at the College, is sufficiently shown in the sketch furnished by Mr. Mansford. Others, at a distance, judged of

his office by those acts only which came within the scope of their own observation.

The remainder of this record is the history of an invalid constantly growing weaker, and rapidly hastening to life's close. One hardly knows whether to speak of this period as sad or not. To his affectionate and devoted wife, and the many friends who so dearly loved him, the thought that his useful life was so soon to end was unspeakably distressing. But the sufferer himself was constantly cheerful.

"The intelligence," says Mrs. Taylor, "that he was seriously ill was a shock as well as a surprise to him, though taken very quietly. He had a great deal of zest in life, in spite of the longing for a little rest and relaxation which he sometimes felt; and he had many plans for the future. Life was by no means a 'howling wilderness' to him, though he had many trials during the last few years. At Torquay we were reading the Psalms at family prayer, and he chose a verse to think of during the day. One night I said, 'You forgot your verse this morning.' 'No,—I took this, "O my God, take me not away in the midst of my days! Thy years are throughout all generations."' But if there was a struggle it was soon over, and he could truly say, 'I am not careful about the event.'"

In a letter dated Torquay, May 6th, 1865, he says: "It is good to be afflicted. So far as my

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personal interests are concerned, the truer sense of dependence on God which I now enjoy is worth more than all the inconvenience and danger of this illness."

"I think," Mrs. Taylor writes, "he almost enjoyed the *rest* of his illness at first. As he was forbidden to leave the house, he was not aware of the extent of his weakness, and he seemed to improve rapidly. . . . Sometimes when resting on the sofa after dinner he would say, 'How strange to be doing this with a good conscience.'"

Through all the vicissitudes of consumption his animation and cheerfulness scarcely ever flagged. Even when so weak as to be unable to walk a few yards, he would still enter with much interest into books, politics, the affairs of his friends and the Institution; and when wheeled into the sitting-room, and laid on the couch, would talk for a few moments like his old self, noting quietly, however, the gradual increase of difficulty in breathing.

For the last eight weeks his distress on the least excitement was so great that he could not see his most intimate friends; yet still he read the leaders in the "Times," and glanced at them the very last morning, and was especially eager to read the bulletin respecting the Princess of Wales, whose state of health just at that time caused general anxiety.

"Surely," says Mrs. Taylor, "no one ever went

down the long descent to the extremity of weakness with more cheerful dignity, lovely patience, steadfast faith in the Atonement, yet profound humiliation. Even his playfulness did not forsake him. I remember in particular being compelled to laugh at one of his sallies,—when my heart was almost breaking,—during one of those long nights of incessant coughing, which no opiates would quiet.

“It was difficult to get him to allow that he suffered. He would persist in telling the doctor that he had had good nights, if he got two or three naps of little more than half an hour each. If he thought a symptom could be relieved, he would mention it, but not otherwise. He could not deny his bodily distress during the last eight or ten weeks, but he was always discovering some alleviation.

“Three weeks, or nearly so, before the end, his reserve about his own religious experience vanished, which was a great comfort to those who were watching the decay of the material part; not that they doubted of his happiness for one moment, but it seemed to make the heaven to which the spiritual part was so soon to remove, more real; so that one could think of his departure as only a journey into a far, far country indeed. No doubt of his acceptance with God seemed to cross his mind, yet his sorrow for sin was often intense. When unable to conduct family worship himself,

he often had the confession in the Communion Service read to him, and joined in it with fervour. At such times it was affecting to observe that his memory could not supply him with the mention of any but what most people would call very trifling matters.

“The most distressing symptom of the last few months was sleeplessness: accidentally I discovered that reading the Psalms aloud was the most effectual method of procuring sleep I could use; but he would not allow me to do it, saying, ‘I would not employ the Word of God to put me to sleep.’”

Among his last sayings, carefully noted by Mrs. Taylor and his brother-in-law, the Rev. Theophilus Chubb, B.A., are the following:—

*Feb. 4th.* Popular fallacies: “That churches or persons have ‘missions’ other than to publish the whole truth, and do all the good of every kind they can, is ‘bosh.’ Take the Quakers, or Methodists, or Luther, or Robertson, or Irving. Portions of the truth, or classes of the community, cannot be overlooked without injury; and this retribution is great in proportion to the degree in which exclusiveness has prevailed.”

*Feb. 11th.* “Dean Alford writing on Christ as the Alpha and Omega reminds us that the Father is also eternal and unchangeable, and asks, ‘What is that to us?’ This is too strong. The Father may not have *fellow-feeling* as the Son has; but He

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'so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son;' and the prophets always made His very eternity and unchangeableness the ground of their appeal for the faith and joy of His people."

"Two classes disparage creeds. Some dislike being bound by anything but their own will, any objective moral truth is disagreeable. Others, as the modern Calvinists, are troubled by contradictions created merely by their own system; and so are driven to conclude that any attempt to make a creed is vain, and even opposed to the genius of Scripture. They attribute to all creeds the faults which they have discovered in their own."

*Feb. 18th.* He said to Mrs. Taylor, knowing that she was writing to his father, "Tell my father I am always at peace."

*Feb. 25th.* He said, "My times are in Thy hand;" and spoke of suffering being "a merciful dispensation to make friends acquiesce in the passing away."

*Feb. 26th.* He felt great prostration all day, and said, "This *is* suffering. What an animal life this is! I can't think. Merciful release, whenever it comes."

*Feb. 27th.* "If I were to preach again, I would preach more about Christ and His work, if even for my own sake. My sermons have mostly been on practical, collateral subjects." The same day he was heard whispering "mercy," and when asked

what it was that was a "mercy," replied, "Everything." He said this several times during the last week of his life, and frequently repeated the words, "How do Thy mercies close me round!" saying that he had never so felt the force of these words before.

*March 1st*, he said, being distressingly feeble at the time,—“I used to think that prayer in the Burial Service unworthy, ‘Suffer us not for any pains of death to fall from Thee.’ I don’t know that it is so now.”

*Sunday, March 3d.* “The great attraction of heaven to me is that I shall still serve Him, (Christ.) To cease to do that would be a deprivation indeed.”

*Monday, 4th.* “I wish I had strength to write to my father once more, to tell him how great a love I have always had for him.”

*Wednesday, 6th.* When Mrs. Taylor was about to choose hymns to read to him, he said, “Let them be from the section ‘for believers rejoicing.’”

*Thursday, 7th*, in the evening, Mrs. Taylor said, “This has been a hard day.” “Yes, they will all be hard days now, Polly.” Mrs. Taylor adds, “We little thought it was the last.” The last hymn repeated to him was the one beginning,—

“To the hills I lift mine eyes.”

Between twelve and two on the morning of

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March 8th, Mr. Chubb read to him the sixty-eighth Psalm. This was the last portion of Scripture to which he listened. "I have always thought," says Mrs. Taylor, "his choice of the sixty-eighth Psalm, when so near death, very remarkable. It is true he did not know how near death was, at least, we suppose not. God mercifully spared him the painful consciousness of the actual parting, which, I have reason to believe, he much dreaded. But he knew it must be soon. He did not in his affliction choose the words of comfort and solace which abound in the Divine Word; but as in life, so in death, the march of his Redeemer's kingdom filled his thoughts."

Early on the morning of March 8th, 1867, he departed, to be "for ever with the Lord."

From the foregoing narrative, and the letters accompanying it, the reader will be able to form for himself a tolerably complete estimate of Mr. Taylor's character; but some aspects of that character not hitherto dwelt on, require a more particular notice. He combined in a very unusual manner, true modesty and courtesy towards others with independence of thought, and tenacity in maintaining his own views. In arguing he never lost his temper nor forgot good manners; and his opponents were sometimes surprised to find that he could treat them with the utmost urbanity, and

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at the same time demolish their arguments with the severity of a ruthless criticism.

The following may serve as an illustration. The business of his office required him to call on a Clergyman of the Established Church who held a high official position. After the business which occasioned the call had been settled, the following dialogue took place:—

C. Mr. Taylor, if you have a few minutes to spare, I should be glad to have a little further conversation with you.

T. I shall be most happy.

C. You know there has been much talk of late respecting a union of the Wesleyans with the Church; and you are probably aware that a Committee has met to consider the subject (referring to a Meeting just before held at Chelsea).

T. Yes; and I was surprised to find that a number of gentlemen should meet together, seriously to discuss such a matter, when the event showed that they were destitute of information respecting it.

C. Well; that is very severe, but it is quite true. Still, do you not think it would be a good thing to bring about such a union?

T. Under present circumstances the thing is impracticable.

C. Why so?

T. The Methodist people are a very practical

people. They have very definite religious views. They know precisely what they believe, and why they believe it. If I could suppose that any of us Ministers should propose a union to any of our people, the first question they would ask would be this, "*Which set of opinions in the Church of England are we expected to join?*" Because, you know, Sir, there are many different sets of opinion in your Church. Which would you recommend us to join, if we joined any?

After Mr. Taylor's statement of the matter, the clergyman acknowledged that there were difficulties in the way which he had not thought of, and the conversation soon terminated.

He seldom spoke of his own doings except to his most intimate friends, and then it was commonly in the way of self-depreciation; whilst those who knew him best, admired his untiring industry, and wondered how, without the slightest appearance of hurry or confusion, he accomplished so much. He would often say to Mrs. Taylor, "I have lived forty years and done nothing." "Several years before his illness," writes Mrs. Taylor, "he was reading 1 Cor. xii. 28 to me, and said rather sadly, 'I have none of these *gifts*. Perhaps, though, I have a little talent for *government*, but see how low down in the list Paul puts that.' "

He was, perhaps, as far removed as could well

be from the character of a mere sentimentalist. He used very few words in expressing sentiments of affection, but more than compensated for this by the practical exhibition of the overflowing kindness of his heart. The friend who had the best opportunity for judging him says :—

“It was not natural to him to put his deepest feelings into words; and as perfect obedience, and devotion of all his powers to God and man, beginning in him so early, became inwrought into his life, he seems to have dwelt little on feeling. I never knew one who so completely lived in the life of others. He did not, I think, of set purpose deny himself; he never made any profession of self-sacrifice, and greatly disliked all high-flown language on the subject. *He merely forgot his own interests* in caring for those in any way dependent on him. At the beginning of his illness, he was now and then troubled by the idea that he had not sufficiently cultivated religion for its own sake; saying that, ‘even his prayers and efforts for growth in the divine life had reference to his work among the students.’ Perhaps the greatest sacrifice of personal feeling of which he was conscious, was that involved in breaking through his strong constitutional reserve when he dealt with people, individually, on the subject of personal religion.”

“I have noticed,” says Mrs. Taylor, “that most

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people can sacrifice everything but their tastes in the service of God. They will do good in the way most congenial to them. But nothing of this kind ever hindered Mr. Taylor from doing what he thought expedient. It never ceased to be a painful effort to him to speak to any one at a prayer-meeting. Indeed, his shyness made all religious conversation difficult, particularly if he had to begin it. But I believe he seldom, if ever, had a favourable opportunity for preaching Christ without using it."

How freely he devoted time and strength to the interests of the Westminster students, and of his other friends, was known only to a few,—and by most of his acquaintance was probably but little suspected. The heavy correspondence and other duties of his office sometimes made it necessary for him to continue writing till after midnight; and even then it has occurred that having finished all the letters absolutely necessary, he has written others to console students who had failed in their examination, or were on other accounts in trouble. He disposed of his money as ungrudgingly as of his time. He had never more than a very moderate income; but out of what he had he gave most cheerfully and freely. His hospitalities, though unostentatious, were constant; and students whose health was failing, and many others, found in his house the welcome of a warm-hearted friend,

and the refined pleasure which his conversation ever afforded.

His spirit was moved by the impulses of a universal philanthropy. It has before been mentioned that human nature was his study; but our view of his character would be incomplete, were it not added that he had sympathy with human nature wherever it came within the scope of his observation. And as with his friends, so with comparative strangers, he rejoiced to admire in them what was excellent when not able to regard them with complete and indiscriminating satisfaction. Differences of rank and of creed formed no barrier to his interest or kind regard. When the Princess of Wales suffered so severely, during the last days of his life, he sympathised with her sufferings as if she had been his own sister. One of the last books that he read, or had read to him, was the life of Robertson, of Brighton. No one could express himself in terms of stronger condemnation than he did on what he judged to be the pernicious effects of several parts of Robertson's teaching; but he admired the noble features of character which he saw in the man, and read passages in his sermons with great satisfaction. Though an uncompromising Arminian he heard Calvinists preach, and read their works with delight. McCheyne was for many years a great favourite with him.

"There are defects," writes Mrs. Taylor, "in the

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fairest souls; yet with every intention to be candid it is not easy to point out what they were in this case. Perhaps his excessive reserve in matters where he felt strongly, amounted to a failing. It caused him to be misunderstood; and he whose heart was glowing with tenderness and pity, was occasionally thought cold and careless till his manner was understood. In a letter from a very sober man who knew him only a few months, he is called 'altogether lovely.'"

As a preacher, Mr. Taylor never obtained popularity. A principal cause of this was great weakness in the organs of speech, which prevented his being well heard in large audiences. But it must be acknowledged that the want of success was partly due to style. As he was never content to take surface views of things himself, it was a natural result that he presented thoughts to his hearers with which they were not familiar; but through some deficiency in the imaginative faculty, or through want of bringing it into play, he seemed not to be fully aware how remote the stand-point of his hearers was from his own; so that he did not lead them from the point of knowledge at which he found them, by easy stages to that which he had himself reached. He studied condensation when he should have aimed at expansion. Whilst fidelity requires these observations in order that the case, as between preacher and hearers, may be fairly

stated, it is only just to add that there were many appreciative hearers who found his sermons instructive and very profitable. The productions of such a mind could not fail to be full of sound thought and faithful exposition of Scripture; whilst all were animated by an earnest desire to promote the spiritual welfare of the people.

In the conduct of prayer-meetings after the Sunday-evening services he showed great tact, and was successful in a remarkable degree in leading penitent seekers of salvation to immediate decision, and faith in Christ. Very many owe their entrance on the Christian course to his affectionate entreaties and wise counsel.

As a Methodist Minister he was warmly attached to his own denomination. He had great love for his ministerial brethren, and felt interest in the work of every one of them. It was often a matter of surprise how he had obtained so large an acquaintance with them. Many he knew personally, others by correspondence with them; and there were few of whom he did not know something. One of the great pleasures of the Conference to him was that it enabled him to know more of "the brethren."

To such a general lover of mankind the heavenly state must afford great joy, not only because, as he said, he "still serves Christ," but because of the blessed and glorious company who are there

associated in the kingdom and glory of God. May we who are still toiling in the field which he has left be found faithful, come to the same joyous service, and to that high and holy fellowship of saints.

Those who were strangers to the subject of this Memoir may be ready to suppose that the character here given is to be attributed to the partial judgment of a friend; but it will be seen that the impressions of the writer were shared by many others; and the testimony already given is corroborated by the following communications from persons who had the opportunity of observing Mr. Taylor's conduct in widely differing circumstances.

The first communication is from the Rev. J. H. Rigg, D.D., the present Principal of the Normal College at Westminster.

“ Westminster, January 9th, 1869.

MY DEAR MR. HELLIER,

I was an occasional, and, at times, a frequent correspondent of Mr. Taylor's; and greatly admired the acuteness, promptitude, practical sagacity, and unfailing patience with which he met every inquiry, and addressed himself to every difficulty. I had also seen a good deal of him in private, and found him always the same,—clear and firm in his views, very wise in his judgment, sagacious and

kindly in his estimate of men and their motives, and remarkable for the combination in his character of modesty and self-reliance. Such a man could not but be honoured, trusted, and loved.

But I had not seen much continuously of Mr. Taylor until after his illness had begun. In December, 1864, he came to Folkestone, where he remained two or three weeks. . . . I need not tell *you* what he was whilst there; all himself—but himself at comparative leisure; gentle, playful, shrewd, wise, godly; but withal languid, and with a weary sense of the heavy weight which had fallen on his vital powers. I never more enjoyed the conversation, nor admired the temper of any man. . . . In the spring of 1866, I saw our dear friend at Ventnor. Although his disease had then gained greatly upon his constitution, he was as clear, earnest, practical as ever; retaining still a great concern for that Educational Department to which he had devoted his energies, and, indeed, sacrificed his life. But it was evident that a settled feeling of the nearing of the eternal had filled the atmosphere in which he lived with the light of the world of faith, and a deep tone of religious tenderness and earnestness tinged all he said. I cherish his memory as that of one of the friends I most entirely honoured, one of the most single-minded, self-sacrificing, and noble of men; patient, manly, wise and gentle; a Christian indeed,—a


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Christian nobleman; affording a model of what a Christian administrator, and servant of the Church, should be."

*Extract from a letter of Mrs. E. D. Webb, Alderley Edge, formerly a student at Westminster.*

"To appreciate Mr. Taylor it was necessary to be in daily intercourse with him, to listen to his counsels and prayers in the class and fellowship meetings. The recollection of those seasons makes my heart glow as they recur with the freshness of yesterday. I may be charged with partiality, but he appeared to me the embodiment of all that was excellent. At first I felt a little afraid of him; he seemed to penetrate one so with that steady look of his; and, besides, I fancied that he was very reserved. It was not long, however, before that feeling was quite removed, and that of perfect ease and confidence was inspired. He was a great student of character, and I have often been surprised and amused at the correct opinions he formed of our characters, sometimes after a very short acquaintance.

He appeared to be particularly fond of 'fellowship meetings,' and always regarded them as sacred privileges to be enjoyed only by believers. Perhaps the following incident may account for this view. He told me that before his conversion,

having heard that a meeting was being held in a certain chapel, he thought he would go and see what it was; but on reaching the chapel door, he was met by a steward, and was told that it was a 'fellowship meeting,' intended for believers only. He was not allowed to go in, and this circumstance, he said, first led him to think seriously about devoting himself to the service of God.

It was the custom during my residence at the college, for Mr. Taylor to give us Lectures on the New Testament; and it was our own fault if we did not understand and love the sacred Word better after every lecture. His manner was lucid, terse, and interesting. 'The Word' was his favourite name for the sacred Book, and there was always such a volume of power and meaning in the term, that its force, as used by him, has never been effaced from my mind.

He himself appeared to me to be always the same; grave, yet cheerful, with a quiet vein of humour running through his conversation; acute in observation, taking note of the most trivial circumstances, and using them to the best advantage.

He was eminently a man of God, as was manifest in his daily life, uniform piety, his gentleness, patience, and evenness of temper, which was, doubtless, often tried; and yet, with all honesty, I must confess never to have seen anything in Mr.

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Taylor, or heard anything from him, but what was perfectly kind and Christian."

A Teacher, Mr. Mackrell, says of his correspondence:—"My own experience fully accords with that portion of the Conference Obituary, in which it is stated that 'his letters to the Teachers were felt by them to be a power constantly directing, sustaining, and cheering them in their arduous toil.' By means of these epistles, association with him was felt to be more of a religious benefit even than when we were residing in the College."

Mr. Binns, of Derby, says,—“In looking over these letters, [forwarded for use in preparing the Memoir,] I cannot avoid a feeling of regret that I should have so often troubled him for information; but I can see now, after a lapse of years, what a tower of strength I had in his confidence and regard.”

The Rev. Dr. Lyth, who was a school-fellow of Mr. Taylor's, says of him:—"He was just as quiet, thoughtful, and studious as a boy, as he afterwards was as a man; one of those characters that are strongly defined in early life, and seem never to change, except that they expand and grow."

The reader will be glad to have laid before him

the following additional extracts from Mr. Taylor's correspondence.

“*Mount, York, August 18th, 1864.*”

MY DEAR HELLIER,

. . . I can feel with you and Mrs. Hellier [he refers to the death of Mrs. Hellier's mother]. But the wonder rather is that *we* live. How many Bradford Conferences shall we see? My own circle is changing so rapidly that I feel borne along by a rushing tide,—and soon earth and time will be a shadow of yesterday. The greatest wonder is how I can so little think and feel as an heir of heaven,—heaven near and abiding.

I hope — did me good. It stirred me up to covet grace and power, if only for the sake of others. I left sad and depressed that so many were not ‘yielding themselves’ to Christ.

Yours ever,

M. C. T.”

“*3, Royal-Terrace, Folkestone,  
December 7th, 1864.*”

MY DEAR GEDEN,

I should have written many times since August, —especially to thank you for the valued numbers of the “*Athenæum*,” [containing an account by Mr. Geden of MSS. inspected in the convent on Mount Sinai,] but for the reason which accounts for

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my being here. My father was seriously ill when I was at York, and required constant nursing. I unwisely took no other holiday, and attempted to get through the year. But cough and langour increased so much that I broke down, and came here on the 26th ult. I have only been out once, but am greatly better; indeed all but well.

The doctor says work has brought on valvular obstruction, leading to congestion of liver and lungs. Now I write this *for your sake*. You are living *many times* more fast than I; and I expect your breaking down as a certain and near event. Do rein in."

To John Blackburn, Esq., Horsforth.

*"9, Lansdowne-Road North, South Lambeth,
February 20th, 1865.*

MY DEAR SIR,

I could not be surprised, but I was saddened when I read of your mother's falling asleep in Christ. I felt you would be greatly grieved and distressed, and for your sake I was sorry. Yet strange as it seems, your pain will soon be lessened, nay, in the course of years, will be turned into joy. God mercifully ordains that we shall gradually learn to think little of the bitter hour of bereavement, and much of the present and unspeakable blessedness of those whom He has received to Himself.

You and yours ought now to be congratulated on the perfecting of your inheritance. The memory of your sainted parents is complete. Both are 'for ever with the Lord.' Both have finished their course, and left you the precious legacy of 'a good name.' I cannot to-day write more. Accept for yourself and your brother my affectionate sympathy.

Yours very sincerely,

M. C. TAYLOR."

"5, Higher-Terrace, Torquay,
March 26th, 1865. Sunday Evening.

MY DEAR HELLIER,

After thanking you warmly, first for your delightful 'ventilator,' and next for your Hebrew Psalter,—which I do with all my heart,—I cannot employ a few minutes better than in pondering your very suggestive question, 'What is the gift of the Spirit?'

1. Is it *certain* that those Ephesians were regenerated before Paul's visit? In what sense had Christ been preached? The answer will determine the sense in which they had received Christ. Was it not that Christ was at hand, and *would* baptize with the Spirit, and save men *when* He came? Paul (Acts xix. 4) recognised their previous baptism as one 'of repentance.' Were they not just what the Baptist's disciples were? But do you suppose *they* answered the description

of John i. 12? Were they not expectants rather than recipients? (You see I dare not dogmatise to you. I cannot go further than putting questions.)

2. Do not the 'Acts' give a general impression that both in the doctrine, and according to the observation of the Apostles, the gift of the Spirit was usually marked by miraculous power being bestowed on *some*? Is not this the teaching of Acts ii.? Is it not the exclusive sense of the phrase in Acts viii. 17? or, if not, evidently part of the sense? 'The gift' in the house of Cornelius (Acts x. 45) is another instance. And is it unfair to refer to Heb. ii. 4 (last clause) as a parallel passage? Is not the expression there—'gifts of the Holy Ghost'—part of a generalisation of the effects of Apostolic preaching?

3. But what is the gift to us who preach the Word? Many thanks for such an item of catechising?

According to 1 Tim. iv. 12—16, 'the gift' was one of authority, zeal, intelligence, and might be lost or enlarged.

So again, and plainly, in 2 Tim. i. 6, 7. One of the best comments on this boldness or authority which I have seen is a chapter by Isaac Taylor on the 'power of rebuke.'

4. And is not 'the gift' for every believer intellectual as well as moral? Reasoning from our constitution, one might look for information, light, inspiration of thought, if the office of

the Spirit be to reprove of sin, righteousness, and judgment, to take of the things of Christ and show, ἀναγγέλλω, them unto us. And did not Paul associate the idea of wondrous accessions of knowledge with the possession of the Spirit? (Eph. i. 17—23; Col. i. 9, 10.)

Yours affectionately,

M. C. T.”

To the Rev. John Scott.

“Torquay, May 5th, 1865.

Really my Folkestone and Torquay doctors have been gifts of Providence; so painstaking, so intelligent, and so well practised, especially Mr. Pollard, in my kind of disease.”

“Ventnor, October 20th, 1865.

[In reference to Dr. Rigg’s kindness at Folkestone:] We are disposed to envy you Dr. Rigg’s visits. . . He was so truly kind and brotherly that we enjoyed his society greatly, and we owe him much for his solicitude and attention.”

“Ventnor, October 31st, 1865.

MY DEAR MISS ——,

You would have heard from me oftener the last seven months had not writing become a rare luxury. I cannot bear the stooping which has become habitual. This envelope was written last

April at Torquay, and to it belongs a half-penned letter which I cannot find.

We shall be with you when the Inspector comes, —the Queen's servant, whom former children in your school so truly described to their parents as the 'Séa Serpent.'

I often think of you at —; and see how, when you muse on by-gone days, the brightest and most frequently-recurring periods will be your Monday evenings with your little class, and odd half-hours given to *needy* students. This has been the flower and joy of your position, as it is of every Teacher wise enough to see the advantage of his calling.

I hope you are having a very good year with the Students, good times in the Day-Room, in No. 3, and most of all in your own little sanctuary. May your closing weeks be your happiest."

" Westbourne Cottage, Ventnor,

December 6th, 1865.

MY DEAR GEDEN,

I have been waiting in hope that I might write you a little at length; but I find I may wait too long. I cannot write yet more than a short note, and a note that shall ask no thought.

It was only last week that I was able to get the October Magazine. Mary read me your sermon. Many thanks for this contribution to *my* good. It revived in me the wish that I could preach, and the

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purpose, if ever I could, to preach with all my might.

I hope you are tolerably well. You know I have the feeling that you are living too fast. The feeling does not diminish.

The best sign, perhaps, in my case is that I have had no relapse since I came here, and the expectoration and cough have become insignificant. The inconvenient sign is palpitation. I cannot stoop, or stand long, without feeling the heart is disturbed. Human nature is an odd, perverse thing. I take all my present circumstances so quietly, carelessly. I could not have believed I should find it such an effort to think seriously and pray earnestly.

Our love to your dear children and yourself.

Yours ever,

M. C. TAYLOR."

Letter to Mr. Mansford, Training College, Westminster, written in what he called, after one of his friends, a "ventilator;" *i.e.* one or two sheets of note paper cut and sewed so as to be convenient for occasional jottings. He calls it on the first small page, "Experiment at ventilating for the sake of seeing if I can write sitting up. I fear I can write more easily than you can read."

"February 24<sup>th</sup>, 1866.

[The first remarks are in reply to Mr. Mans-

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ford's questions respecting a Bible-Class which he was then conducting.]

. . . . *St. John.* You put the case now a little differently. You said in the Ventilator your difficulty was the disproportionate amount of exhortation. You now say it is, the inconvenience, cleverness, and celerity of the girls in getting through the exposition. The latter no doubt appears to necessitate the former.

1. I should never be anxious about exhortation. If we can only make the Truth manifest, this will commend itself to the *conscience*. (2 Cor. iv. 2.) And I need not say that the more natural and brief the exhortation the better. If words are multiplied, what should be a goad will become a crowbar.

2. Where, as in John's Gospel, one design runs through the whole, it is desirable the girls should be made themselves to keep hold of and handle this thread, that by it they may unravel the several parts. Of course, the more they can be got out of the rut of merely verbal explanation and made to drink in the inner meaning the better. (Please harmonise the metaphors for me. 'Crust' should take the place of 'rut')

3. Your preparation will demand time and pains. But you personally will, in great part, lose the fruit of your labour unless you note it down. My note-books on the shelf will show the primitive

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 plan which I used and found answered well. A note-book of thoughts, information, and questions; the right hand page for the verses in detail, thus,—

1.

2.

3. and so on;

and the left hand page for more discursive and general remarks. And now, have I met your point? I can scarcely think I have; because you understand the whole business better than I do.

. . . First vol. of 'Macaulay' obtained yesterday. He says, Popery has been more useful in some cases than a purer Christianity would have been. Bosh!"

*"Mr. Mansford, B.A., from M. C. T.,*

*March 3d, 1866.*

. . . Good article in 'Saturday Review' of 27th February, on Mill. An article also on 'Good Words,'—professedly on its tales; and so far perhaps just, though I am no judge, really, however, on the serial as a whole. [Periodical I should have said, but there was no room in that line.] Said to be a Broad-Church scheme and movement. Truth in this as to actual results, but no truth, possibly or probably, as to motive. Haste in attributing motive should have been left to the 'Record' and the vulgar sectaries by His Serene Highness the 'Saturday Review.'

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'Macmillan' for March. Article on Newman's answer to Pusey; sequel to a former article on Dr. P's. book. From the Broad-Church stand-point in the better sense. Confirms my notion of the Apologia, and therefore, perhaps, it seems worth reading. Says, Newman's search was never for truth, but for the best ecclesiastical system. The chief article, however, and this you should read, is Whewell's on Comte,—contemptuously playful, a big Tom-Toe, playing with a mouse. Often asserts that positivism is a system of negations. Can this be so? If so, what a parody of language! Fervent defence of 'final causes' as a part of science. Would do Mr. — good.

. . . Tuesday, 4.50. p.m. Had Mr. Brash to dinner. Very pleasant talk about special services.

My brother took the chair at the Primitive Missionary Meeting in York last week. Reports a new definition of faith. In the potato disease year, a man was asked how his crop had turned up,—'O! better than I expected, but I always said it would.' I suppose this is retrospective faith, or else double faith.

Wednesday, 5 p.m. . After tea last night my wife read Macaulay, and the sentences were so smooth and sonorous that I was soon fast asleep. But about 6.30. I was woke up by the postman. The news was at first ludicrous, then disagreeable. Mr. Bailey's letter had been posted too late, and so

the Code had lain on the side-board all' day,—I sat dreaming of this awful list inside. Could not sleep until near two."

"*Ventilator*" to Mr. Mansford. (Without date.)

. . . "John iii. 1—21. I have just looked at this portion, and though all I can say is what occurs at the moment, it is pleasant to write on such a subject, and not wholly unpleasing to you, I trust, to read.

Generally,

I. The two aims of the Gospel are well illustrated,—Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God. Faith is the condition of life; but faith turns on the temper of the heart; a man must repent, or he cannot believe.

II. A minor feature distinguishing this Gospel is, the large proportion of Christ's *private* intercourse with *individuals*, whilst in the other Gospels we have scarcely any. (Have we any?)

III. The supreme importance to every man of a new heart. Nicodemus wished to know more about Christ. But he was *first* to know himself. (See close of chapter ii.) This was the only way to know Christ aright. Thus He led the Samaritan woman to know Him, and thus He leads all nations. (xvi. 8. etc.) Still, the abrupt, reproving style of the third verse suggests more. Nicodemus was himself a *teacher*, (verse 10,) and ought to have known the

necessity of a change of heart. His fathers had entered heaven by this way without knowing Christ ; and he, long before he had heard that the Christ had come, ought to have sought renewing grace. This should have been his *first* business, and so was he taught.

The knowledge of Christ is only valuable as it leads to this end. (Ezekiel xxxvi. 26, 27, and parallels.) [Ministers and teachers may well see here both the *order* and the *aim* of Christian instruction.]

Details—verse 1 : $\delta\acute{\epsilon}$ not translated—A Pharisee. Verse 2 : ‘Signs’ some would not see, (ii. 18). A brief allusion to miracles nowhere detailed. How many He must have wrought ! Verse 3 : A *law*—absolute. Verse 4 : Spiritual ideas had perished. Night on those times. Verse 5 : Repeated and enlarged. ‘Water’ probably analogous to ‘fire’ in other places. Baptism not then enjoined. If it refer to baptism, however, the whole paragraph shows in what sense, (i. 26). Verse 6 : Answer to verse 4. Verse 7 : Reason in verse 8. The process invisible ; do not wonder you have never *seen* it. Verse 11 : Reason for faith. Similar appeals to our understanding common in Scripture. Verse 12 : ‘Heavenly things.’ Such as probably Nicodemus came to hear about, (13—21). A question as to the authorship ;—is there not ? If Christ’s, shows how

ready He was to lay aside parable and teach plainly when there was an ear to listen.

Marvellous concentration of the truth.

Five p.m. Fine afternoon.

Yours,

M. C. T."

"Odds and Ends for Mr. Mansford, from M. C. T.

March 12th, 1866.

. . . Tuesday Morning. On Sunday, my wife being in all day, read Bunyan and Alford. My admiration for Bunyan's genius increases. As I sit and listen, I feel my knowledge of Scripture and human nature continually called up and revived. These personal circumstances suggest that I would deal with a class in the same way,—have only a single copy produced; make one read; and when an incident was complete make the rest cite further illustration from the Bible and from observation. This talk would be the most instructive part of the process.

Alford. ('Sunday Magazine' for March.) Portrays with great power the important part which family life at *meals* might be made to play. It includes seven hundred hours in a year, and affords occasion for all graces and virtues.

. . . Amused with the report of the Annual Meeting of the Reformation Society for the Continent. An old organization of the High-Church

party for the circulation of the Prayer-Book mainly, it would seem. But some now think not of 'protesting' but fraternising. The dilemma was felt and dealt with after a sort. Bishop of Ely (Harold Browne?) said their Church was the Catholic Church for England, and could only recognise as Catholic those foreign Churches which rested on the two essential foundations,—supremacy of the Word, and the authority of the Primitive Church. Now what does the latter mean if the former be held? What is the difference between supremacy and authority in such questions?

. . . Noticed yesterday that Bunyan makes *Ignorance* say he would rather go on his pilgrimage alone."

To Mr. Osborn Chubb [his brother-in-law].

"March 12th, 1866.

Please forgive this pencil. I can only write with comfort as I lean on the sofa.

I am greatly interested in your being at St. Leonard's. When I first left home to go to a Circuit in August 1846, Hastings was my appointment. . . . I lived with my Superintendent at Hastings, but St. Leonard's was my parish, and has always been regarded as belonging to the 'Young Minister.' The year I spent there was a very happy one. One of the things most pleasant was a Young Men's Improvement Class. I think it has

been kept up. You will get and do good by joining. . . . I am anxious you should do another thing, connect yourself at once with the professing people of God. You owe this to others. You cannot render a Sunday scholar, or any one, the service you would wish, until your own position is right.

You owe it to yourself. We all, sooner or later, suffer greatly in our own spiritual life, if we make the unscriptural experiment of going to heaven alone. None of us can afford to dispense with sympathy and counsel.

You owe it to Christ. There is no distinction which the world more quickly appreciates than that between 'hearers' and 'members'. Christ's cause is weakened when any one for a course of years allows himself to be counted by men (however unfairly) as a neutral. Do, Osborn, give me this joy.

I shall have now a special pleasure in your letters, knowing all the neighbourhood so well. The people whom I know have, many of them, passed away. Of those who remain I shall be thankful to hear.

I cough more, but we look with hope to spring weather.

Your affectionate Brother,

COULSON."

[In pencil.]

“Ventnor, Saturday Noon,

March 24th, 1866.

MY DEAR HELLIER,

I am trying to learn to write holding the paper on a book in my hand. This explains my using pencil for a time.

Why have I not written for so long? I have been telling my wife I would write myself, when she has offered to write, and I have intended and intended, but never begun. Forgive me. My time or humour for writing is a brief part of the day, and has been usually occupied in dictating notes to Westminster, or writing them to York.

Many thanks for your kindness in sending the MS. sermon. It was a message for me. I have thought of it again and again this week, after reading the Fast-day sermons in the “Times.” ‘Faith views the object as already granted,’ in the opening summary, bothered me a little, but nothing in the sermon what I took to be the meaning of the phrase. So I blame myself for a hasty mistake. I saw you meant ‘granted’ in the covenant, made ours *by right*.

. . . For six or seven weeks my cough and expectoration (which had all but ceased) have increased. Dr. Peacock says the weather is the cause. I shall be thankful if warm days set me right again.

But great hope would be unwise. I can tell

little until I am examined on my return. If the result be that I must 'sit down,' [become a Supernumerary Minister,] I shall not be surprised. It is what I am trying to make a familiar idea.

Brother Brash, of Keighley, is here, a good, genial brother. . . . I am in danger of being 'puffed up' with learning. I read short articles in the 'Sunday Magazine.' I try to understand the leaders in the 'Watchman;' and, above all, my wife reads to me between tea and supper. I am conscious of becoming very wise, knowing the names of books, and so on, for all which I have long had no leisure; and I fear, when we meet again, I shall soon be felt as a sort of literary bore. I am just now deep in that 'Historical Romance,' Macaulay's England.

You are *all* well, I hope. My wife joins me in love to Mrs. Hellier and yourself. Again praying pardon for my long neglect.

Yours ever,

M. C. TAYLOR."

"Ventilator" addressed to Mr. Mansford.

"Sunday, April 1st, 7 p.m.

My wife at chapel. On Good Friday morning I tried to find out and answer the difficulty about the narrative of Gethsemane. I imagined it must be in some verbal discrepancy, though I did not discover it. So I framed (in thought) a long story

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about my liking—morbid, possibly—for the whole class of verbal diversities, and apparent contradictions. At twelve [years of age], I eagerly read Paley's Evidences. At fourteen or fifteen, I was charged with Butler's argument. From fourteen to twenty-three, daily business was impressing me with the suspiciousness of stories agreeing too nicely, and the great weight of a certain degree of divergence among witnesses. Primed with this feeling I went to Richmond at twenty-three, and for the first time—so uncritical, you see, had been my reading—heard of these questions. As you might guess from my bringing-up, they were a great comfort to me, and I was always pleased when they crossed my path. Each new difficulty gave a deeper impression of the honesty of the Evangelists, and if they were honest my religion was true. They recorded what they had severally heard or seen for themselves, and their consciousness of being truthful made them careless of seeming to contradict. 'These are witnesses,' I felt, 'of the right stamp. They would satisfy any jury; and they satisfy me.'

But my castle tumbled down when I asked my wife, on coming in, what could this difficulty of Mr. Mansford's be? and got the answer, 'O, it is the notion that our Lord for the moment shrank from the cup, and even prayed to be excused, if it were possible!' Well, this made me more perverse than before. The passage does give this impression, and

I glory in it. The words, on account of this impression, are to me one of the most vital and precious portions in all Scripture. They are more than gold; they strikingly proclaim two things on which all faith turns:

1. The reality of our Lord's suffering for sin. What the Jews did was only husk and shell; here is core. God alone could lay on His Son *our* burden, and—glorious mercy!—He has condescended to *show* us *when* He did this. And as we listen to our Lord's *cry*, we feel, this was a cup of unspeakable sorrow.

'It pleased Jehovah to bruise Him.' 'Thou shalt make His soul an offering for sin.' Our Lord's starting aside—shall we call it?—for the moment, or even the *hour*, puts a depth of meaning into these words of prophecy which we could not otherwise have conceived.

2. And equally blessed is this stay for our faith,—the *reality* of Christ's humanity. In former years nothing (*Monday Morning, April 2nd*) troubled me more than the transcendental character given to Christ's life, and especially the scenes of the passion, by a vague idea of our Lord's manhood being upheld by His Godhead,—pervaded by it, inspired with it. This, I say, 'troubled me,' because it prevented any adequate (*Tuesday, after dinner*) idea being held of the intensity of Christ's sufferings as our Substitute.

This thrice-urged prayer in the garden awakens

us up to the fact that this Christ, so made a curse for us, was a *true* man,—man, however allied to a higher nature, not sustained by it, ‘He emptied Himself.’ (Philippians ii. 7) To man, no foresight could realise such a cup. If man, our Lord could but shrink when that cup first met His lips. This is nothing mystical then. The cup was real, and one of *my* flesh and blood (Hebrews ii.) presented Himself to drink it in my stead. He declares His fixedness of *purpose*,—but prays conditionally for some relief. How is this cry regarded in heaven? True there is no permission to fall back on super-human resources. Still an angel strengthening is the answer. I will turn to something else, as I don’t feel very clear.”

“*Ventnor, April 26th, 1866. [Written in pencil.]*”

MY DEAR GEDEN,

. . . The prospect of my resuming work of any kind is so slender that I am making up my mind to be a ‘Supernumerary.’ I thank God ‘for the unspeakable gift.’ I never needed a perfect Saviour more. But He *is* able to save me to the uttermost. ‘Other refuge have I none.’ Mary joins me in love. *Do* keep and nurse the health you have.

Yours ever,

M. C. TAYLOR.”

*Recollections of Hastings in his illness.*

*Letter addressed to Mrs. Everett on the death of Mr. Everett, formerly of Hastings.*

“ 9, Lansdowne-Road North, South Lambeth,

October 16th, 1866.

MY DEAR MRS. EVERETT,

It is only little that I can write, but I cannot refrain from assuring you, in your hour of sorrow, of my sympathy. And the tidings in the paper would tell on many as they told on me. Several are scattered up and down the world who would go back at once to old and pleasant times in Russell-Street and George-Street, and grieve with you now the more deeply as they thought of the kindness they received years ago from families there, which have long ago been broken up.

You prove, I trust, that God strengthens and comforts the heart even when it turns away from all other consolations as poor and vain. He will *never* leave you.

I often ‘travel’ the old Circuit in spirit; and some day I may write ‘little Bessie,’ (or Miss Beck of East-Ascent) and ask twenty questions or more about as many well-remembered faces.

Last winter and spring we spent at Ventnor; but the journey home in May did me harm. Through mercy I have rallied; but we do not think of going away for the coming winter.

My wife unites with me in affectionate regard.

Yours sincerely,

M. C. TAYLOR.”



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*To Mr. Ingram, a Wesleyan Local Preacher at Ventnor, with whom, during his stay there, he had enjoyed much pleasant intercourse.*

*“9, Lansdowne-Road, North, South Lambeth.*

*August 12th, 1866.*

MY DEAR SIR,

I have wished to write you ever since we returned, but have foolishly waited until I could write, as I would, a tolerably long letter. I will write all I can,—a little.

We did not leave for ten days after you bade us good-bye, the wind being easterly. The journey proved very exhausting, and I have not yet—though, through mercy, a great deal better—got back to the degree of strength which I had. Outdoor exercise I have not ventured upon. The doctor says the heart is better but the lungs are worse. I cannot be too thankful for the abounding grace which makes me not careful about the event. The truth of God satisfies every desire of the mind; and the peace of God subdues all mis-giving or care of the heart. Still I cannot help seeing how, in days of health, I should have served my generation far better had I *prayed* more, and, therefore, been more copiously baptized with the Holy Spirit.

And now—for this is what impels me to write—let me say with what pleasure and grateful feeling I think often of you and your family, but specially

of the kindness you showed me last winter and spring. And your kindness to me is not of yesterday. It began twenty-four years ago, when words of encouragement after early and anxious attempts at preaching were more precious than gold. You did these things for the Master's sake. May you long feel in a hundred ways that He regards them as done to Himself. One link between us is our common endowment and inheritance,—a praying ancestry. May the entail of happy godliness in your house *never* be cut off!

You see I have taken nearly a fortnight to finish these few lines. This is an infirmity of invalids. My wife joins me in kind regards to all your family,

Yours affectionately,

M. C. TAYLOR."

" *Tuesday evening, November 20th, 1866.*

MY DEAR ———

Your continuing so long in such weakness and frequent pain has made me, for some time, wish to send you a line. Even apart from direct assaults of the tempter, your exhaustion will often make it impossible for you to think or pray. But God remembers—that is, as we should say, bears it always in mind—'that we are dust.' 'He will fulfil the *desire* of them that fear Him: He also will hear their *cry*, and will save them,'—a passage

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first pointed out to me by a sick man who, in spite of great bodily suffering, had just believed on these words to the joy of his soul. We can desire and cry when we cannot think a sentence.

Mary has just been reading to me the story of the Syro-Phœnician woman. Surely there was a design of all-seeing love for me and you in this narrative, and that of the Centurion, 'which is like unto it.' These 'who were not a people' were accepted, and the lower they sank in the depths of their own unfitness, the higher were they raised in joy and honour. 'It is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy.' We may well glory in Him at all times!"

## CHAPTER VI.



## CONCLUSION.

AMOR onus non sentit, labores non reputat, plus affectat quam valet, quia cuncta sibi posse et licere arbitratur.—DE IMITATIONE CHRISTI, iii., 5, 4.

I HAVE purposely reserved for this place the following letter, written with a view to publication in this Memoir, and addressed to myself. Though it touches upon several points which have been already noticed, the reader will be glad to see a full-length portrait of Mr. Taylor from the hand of the friend, his and mine, to whom reference has so often been made in the preceding pages.

*“ Wesleyan Theological Institution,  
Didsbury, near Manchester,  
April 21st, 1870.*

MY DEAR HELLIER,

I thank you for the opportunity of paying some small tribute to the beloved and sacred memory of our common friend, Michael Coulson Taylor.

As you know, I first made Mr. Taylor's acquaintance in the year 1844, when I became a Student in the Richmond Branch of our Theolo-

gical Institution. I loved him at sight. I loved him ever after. And it has been one of the great joys and blessings of my life, that he loved me in return.

He took the lead of all his contemporaries at Richmond. Some of them had more book-learning than he had; the literary tastes of some were probably stronger; and many excelled him in wealth of imagination, in readiness of utterance, or in graces of style as a writer and speaker; but for combined strength of mind and character, he was superior to all. Without a touch of self-complacency or self-assertion,—modest, quiet, gentle, serious, yet full withal of pleasantry,—as though a spell wrought by him, he commanded universal deference and homage. His intellectual acuteness, his precocious judgment, his force of will, his moral firmness and courage, his manly sympathy, his unaffected but most impressive devoutness of spirit, and his perfect consecration to his work as a candidate for the Christian and Methodist Ministry, gave him a charm and power which were quite unique among us. He was a thinker both by nature and habit. Again and again his brethren found him at the centre of a subject, while they were groping darkly at the doorway. No man could state a point more clearly, or argue it with greater vigour and propriety of language. Theology, Church History, and Political and Social

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Economy were his favourite studies; and he had views on them all which were worth hearing. He was singularly generous in his estimate of others. Not blind to defect or fault, still less indifferent to it, he put the best construction on appearances, and credited every one with his full value. He never courted respect; he always won it. He was the general referee on questions of difficulty, whether belonging to study or action. No step was taken by the students at large without his counsel. His influence penetrated the entire social life of the Institution, and ennobled and beautified it. How his prayers used to awe and melt us, will be remembered by all who knew him at Richmond. And with what yearning he cared for the religious good of the inhabitants of his tract districts, and of the younger members, in particular, of several families of the neighbourhood, can never be forgotten by those who enjoyed his friendship. There are persons living—not now religiously what they then were—who, I doubt not, have been haunted for long years past, to their unutterable shame and misery, by the recollection of Mr. Taylor's concern for their spiritual welfare. I have reason to believe, that in not a few cases, his loving, wise, and faithful labours as an evangelist were crowned at this, as at every after period of his life, with marked and permanent success. Even now, the thrill of feeling returns upon me, of which I

was often sensible in those blessed days, as I looked upon him after he had been talking and praying in his study with some one who had come to him for spiritual help, or as he made his way home, jaded in body and burdened at heart, yet bright with Christian sunshine, from Petersham or some other village adjacent, where his conscience and heart had given him the cure of souls.

On leaving Richmond, Mr. Taylor was appointed to the Hastings Circuit. During his ministry there, I saw little of him except on a single occasion, when I visited him for a day or two. I found him, as I expected, fulfilling the promise of his Institution course. There were the same humility, the same prayerfulness, the same yearning for souls,—I use this last expression advisedly; I know no other to answer the truth,—the same self-denial, the same boundless faith in the Gospel and in Christ. It was affecting to observe his solicitude for the conversion and religious stability of the youthful members of his flock: how he bore the burden of their several cases about with him, and with what tenderness, wisdom, and patience he watched and guided them as one that should give account. Alike in the pulpit and out of it, he seemed to me the very ideal of a young and faithful Minister of Christ.

Mr. Taylor's removal from Hastings, first to St. George's-in-the-East, London, and then to

Islington, brought us once more into frequent communication. At this time I often preached on the Sunday in or about London; and it was our practice to meet on the Monday mornings, mostly at the Mission-House in Bishopsgate-Street, and to spend some hours together before I went back to Richmond. Very memorable to me is the intercourse which we had on such occasions. Sometimes we visited the British Museum, or some other public Institution. More commonly we went up the river, and spent an hour or two in the Law Courts at Westminster Hall, or heard the Appeal Cases in the House of Lords or in the Committee of Privy Council. But, however occupied, I never failed to remark that one idea ruled the mind and heart of my friend. The glory of God in his own religious progress and mine, and in our common fidelity to our ministerial calling—this was the master sentiment. And I cannot picture in language the simplicity, the lowliness of mind, the strong practical sense, the undemonstrative but burning brotherly sympathy, and the concern for the salvation of men, especially the young, which he used to show in all his conversation and spirit on these occasions. Still less can I describe how moved and humbled I was from time to time by those most reverent, gracious, and loving prayers which he was accustomed to offer for himself and for me, as we knelt down together alone,



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according to our custom, in one of the little upstairs rooms of the Mission-House.

In 1851, I removed from Richmond to Newcastle-on-Tyne; and from this time forward my personal communication with Mr. Taylor was limited, for the most part, to occasional visits of a day or two when I was in London on public business. Through most of this period of fifteen or sixteen years, Mr. Taylor held the office of Secretary to the Wesleyan Committee of Education, and took an active part—only too active, alas!—in the administration of the Training College at Westminster.

I will not attempt to describe his Westminster life and labours: you do this in your volume. I will only say that, so far as they fell under my eye, they presented one of the most remarkable instances of ministerial excellence and success which I have ever seen or heard of. The oneness of purpose with which he pursued his work; the conscientiousness and judgment with which he graduated for himself the scale of duty; his singular aptness in combining attention to detail with the discharge of functions which often made the swiftest and heaviest demands upon his discretion and feeling; the more than fraternal solicitude with which he performed the part of a teacher and shepherd of souls towards the young men and women belonging to the College, and

the amazing power which he wielded among them ; last, not least, his ardent devotion to the service of the pulpit as the crown and height of his vocation, and his great religious usefulness as a preacher, formed together a complex of Divine endowments and graces, such as men more commonly see in dreams than in the reality of Christian life.

Speaking of preaching—one of the last conversations which I remember to have had with him, not long before his fatal illness, turned on this subject. I had accompanied him, one Sunday evening, to a village appointment near London ; and as we were crossing Clapham Common on our way home, the troops of people whom we met—many of them plainly regardless alike of religion and morals—led him to speak of the Gospel and the duties of the ministry. ‘I often feel,’ he said, ‘as though, if I were true to my principles and to Christ, I could hardly help taking my stand on my own doorstep and beseeching the passers-by to be reconciled to God.’ This was said with a passion of utterance such as he seldom showed, for his ordinary manner was calm and still, and he was incapable of an approach to anything like grotesqueness in any part of his public conduct.

Among my personal recollections of this period of his history, few are more sacred than the early morning visits which he used to pay me when

I stayed from time to time at his house in South Lambeth. As sure as the morning arrived, a little before breakfast a gentle tap at my bed-room door announced his coming to renew the talk and prayer of by-gone years. And with what self-oblivion, what fidelity, what love, what reverence before God he bore himself on these occasions, I recall with ever-growing admiration and thankfulness.

I had only rare opportunities of seeing Mr. Taylor during his long, last illness. The message of love which he sent to me just before he died, remains with me as the most cherished memory of a friendship which death does not destroy, and which, I trust, will be renewed ere long, where all 'live unto God.'

Even now I cannot conclude without a few further observations on Mr. Taylor's character and habit of life, though I may seem at one or two points to have anticipated myself.

Mr. Taylor was a man of remarkable penetration and practical sagacity. He saw into character as by an instinct. It was wonderful to note how masks and disguises fell off under the vivid touch of his perceptions; particularly how no coating of ignorance, awkwardness, or reserve, could hide from him real power and worth. And it was with things as with men. He could sift, grasp, and generalise with surprising rapidity and precision. No shuffles or windings of a fallacy seemed to baffle

him. The significance and bearing of an event or a policy revealed themselves to him with a quickness and certainty which were quite incomprehensible to feebler or more sluggish minds.

His judgment was as finely balanced as his intellectual sight was clear and commanding. He was a man to go to in embarrassment and trouble. I have known able and strong-minded men—not one or two merely—who were never surer of themselves than when they followed his suggestions and advice. The discretion which he showed in dealing with the grave and difficult questions perpetually arising in connection with his official duties at Westminster, was not only matter of observation throughout the Educational province of Methodism, but called forth strong eulogium from persons holding high position in the Department of Education under Her Majesty's Government. In Committees and Public Meetings, likewise, whether educational or ecclesiastical, Mr. Taylor was often an invisible but most serviceable power behind the chair, giving impulse and direction to counsels that might otherwise have been wavering, vagrant, inconclusive, or even mischievous.

The generosity of his nature has been already adverted to. So far as selfishness went, the stroke of the curse might have missed him. There were no cobwebbed corners or murky passages in his spirit, the haunts of moral unsightliness and venom.

Suspicion, jealousy, conceit, censoriousness, were all strangers to him. He never disparaged any one. He never sought to raise himself by planting his foot on the prostrate reputation of his fellow. He was willing that others should be exalted and himself abased. The joy of his friend was his own greater joy. It was beautiful to see—I have seen it a hundred times—with what quiet enthusiasm of self-forgetful love he would talk of the talents, the attainments, or the pulpit power of his brethren in the Ministry.

He was not lavish of the language of affection. Superficial observers might think him cold and indifferent. His heart was in fact a deep well of human and Christian sympathy. What words did not utter, either by mouth or pen, found affluent expression in acts of self-denial, of delicate kindness, and of large and various charity.

Mr. Taylor did not read many books. He thought too closely and led too busy a life to cover a wide area of reading. Besides, he had seen some marked instances in which multifarious reading had choked or crippled the intellect, and he abstained from it as matter of choice. The books which he did read were all of the highest order; and he assimilated them thoroughly into his mental substance. Butler, Howe, and Barrow, were his favourite divines. He often spoke of his obligation to the late Rev. John Bowers, who first called his attention to the merits of Barrow.

His theological opinions were pronounced and definite, without being narrow. He was impatient of theological haze and *équivoque*. He had a profound faith in what are commonly known as the orthodox doctrines of sin and the Atonement. He recoiled with unspeakable dread from the theosophy which translates 'the love of God' as an infinite good-nature, and which juggles the death of Christ into a mere appendage and accident of His career on earth. His study of Scripture and his personal experience alike told him that this was a mischievous travesty of the Gospel; and he clutched with the full force of his intelligence and heart those great, central truths of Christianity which have their immortal exposition in the writings of St. Paul and St. John.

As a preacher, Mr. Taylor was never popular. His utterance was thick and muffled. He had no power of projecting his voice upon a congregation, or of making himself ubiquitous by look and gesture. His extreme modesty gave a certain dulness and heaviness to his manner. His style of thought was too massive for the multitude, and his language wanted the freedom and variety of effective public speaking. Above all, he carried to the pulpit a sense of religious responsibility which unduly fettered and weighed him down. I am satisfied that this, more than any other force, contributed to produce that appearance of con-

straint and oppression under which his preaching laboured. To hearers whose intelligence and right feeling made little of form in comparison with substance, Mr. Taylor's sermons were always acceptable; and he never failed to win the attention of the religiously-anxious members of his congregations. But for the many he was not attractive; and though he was aware of this, and felt it, and strove to get the better of himself, he was never so successful as to take his legitimate rank among the preachers of his day. At the same time, as we have stated already, his ministry was a singularly successful one. He seldom preached without witnessing direct spiritual results such as those of which we read in the Acts of the Apostles. Apart from his wise discourse and fervent prayers, there was a religious power about him which was all but irresistible. His aspect, his bearing, his entire tone and spirit bespoke a man of God, whom God had sent on His errands. I have reason to know that scores, if not hundreds, of persons were converted to God through his preaching and other evangelistic labours.

I need not dwell upon the secret of all this: Mr. Taylor believed what he believed. His whole being was given up to Christ. He had felt the anguish of repentance. He had found mercy in the Cross. He had received a Divine commission to preach salvation to others. This one thing he

did; and everything else to him was impertinence and vanity.

When Michael Coulson Taylor died, he left few equals of his own standing in Methodism behind him: perhaps none surpassed him in breadth of view, in strength of judgment, and in knowledge and mastery of public affairs. Unquestionably, had he lived, he would have exerted a powerful and happy influence upon the Methodism of the next twenty or thirty years to come. He has not lived. He is gone from us. And the universal Church of Christ might very well sit her down by his early grave, and bemoan herself, were it not that Christ's dead ones never die, and that the end of all things is at hand. In one view his removal is no mystery. He could not spare himself; and Methodism would not spare him. But it is God who did it. And no friend of Mr. Taylor can do otherwise than say,—His will be done!

In the love of our triple friendship, thus broken, yet not broken,

Believe me, my dear Hellier,

Yours very truly,

JOHN DURY GEDEN."

APPENDIX.



The paper following affords an example of Mr. Taylor's power to discuss difficult Theological questions.

WHAT function did the Holy Spirit sustain towards the Lord Jesus during His life on earth?

This is purely a question on revealed truth; and as such must be solved. The Scriptures, then, teach,

1. The Holy Spirit—(not the Son of God)—created our Lord's human nature. (Luke i. 35.)

2. The only expressions with regard to His *youth* intimate, at least, that our Lord's human mind was not informed by His Divine nature, but was gradually developed under the special care and aid of the Lord God. (Luke ii. 40—50.)

3. Both the Old and New Testaments ascribe our Lord's wisdom and power as *the Great Teacher* to the unction of the Holy One. (Psalm xlv. 2; Isaiah xi. and lxi.; Luke iv. 17—22: specially, John iii. 34.) Why spake He the words of God? Because He was God, as well as man? No; is the inspired answer.

4. Our Lord not merely ascribed His *miracles* to the power of the indwelling Spirit, but so ascribed them as to make the proof the most awful *reality* in this world. (Matthew xii. 32.)

And so taught the Apostles. (Acts ii. 22; x. 38.)

5. Our Lord's fidelity as *man* to the work of redemption is ascribed to the Lord the Spirit. (Isaiah xlii.; specially verse 6; Matthew iv. 1; Hebrews ix. 14.)

6. Our Lord's resurrection is ascribed to the Holy Spirit. (Romans i. 4; viii. 11.)

7. To these details may be added "the analogy of faith," which teaches that redemption was wrought out by the Son of God for us,—as "the Lord's *Christ*."

The immediate sequences of this view appear as *presumptive* arguments at least.

1. The work of atonement and salvation is felt to be—more tangibly and intelligibly—the combined work of the Triune God, and not exclusively the work of the Son. The latter notion may be said to be one which our Lord took pains to refute. Is it too strong to say, it seems to have been abhorrent to Him? John's Gospel, everywhere.

2. The whole life of Christ on earth becomes more *real*—to our thoughts. Just so far as the Divine nature is supposed to have succoured the human, what our Lord said and did ceases to be an example to us, and loses the necessary and precious

features of humiliation and suffering. Any kind of fusion of the two natures throws an ethereal character over the whole life. If the Divine interposed, the human must have been overborne, — virtually absorbed.

Objections.

Arbitrary, unscriptural, dangerous. The middle point involves the others; and is answered by the seven particulars given. But John ii. 24 is referred to. Isaiah xi. 3, would appear to be the explanation; at least, it may be; and that is sufficient to rebut the objection.

But, for instruction's sake, I retort the objection. Where is the Scriptural evidence that our Lord's human nature was affected—*save in rank*—by its ineffable and glorious union with the Divine? And is not the common notion very much like the old Eutychian heresy?

“Passivity” was part of the humiliation. Only passivity, which sounds so disparaging, is hardly strong enough for Paul's language. (Phil. ii. 7; ἐκένωσε.)

“But do you not favour Socinianism?” No; the Socinian is pointed to the *Scripture* proof of the Divinity of the Lord Christ. (1 Tim. iii. 16; ἐδικαιώθη ἐν Πνεύματι.) His Divine nature was vindicated by the attestation of His doctrine which the Spirit of God bore through His “mighty signs and deeds.” On the other hand, the fused notion

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